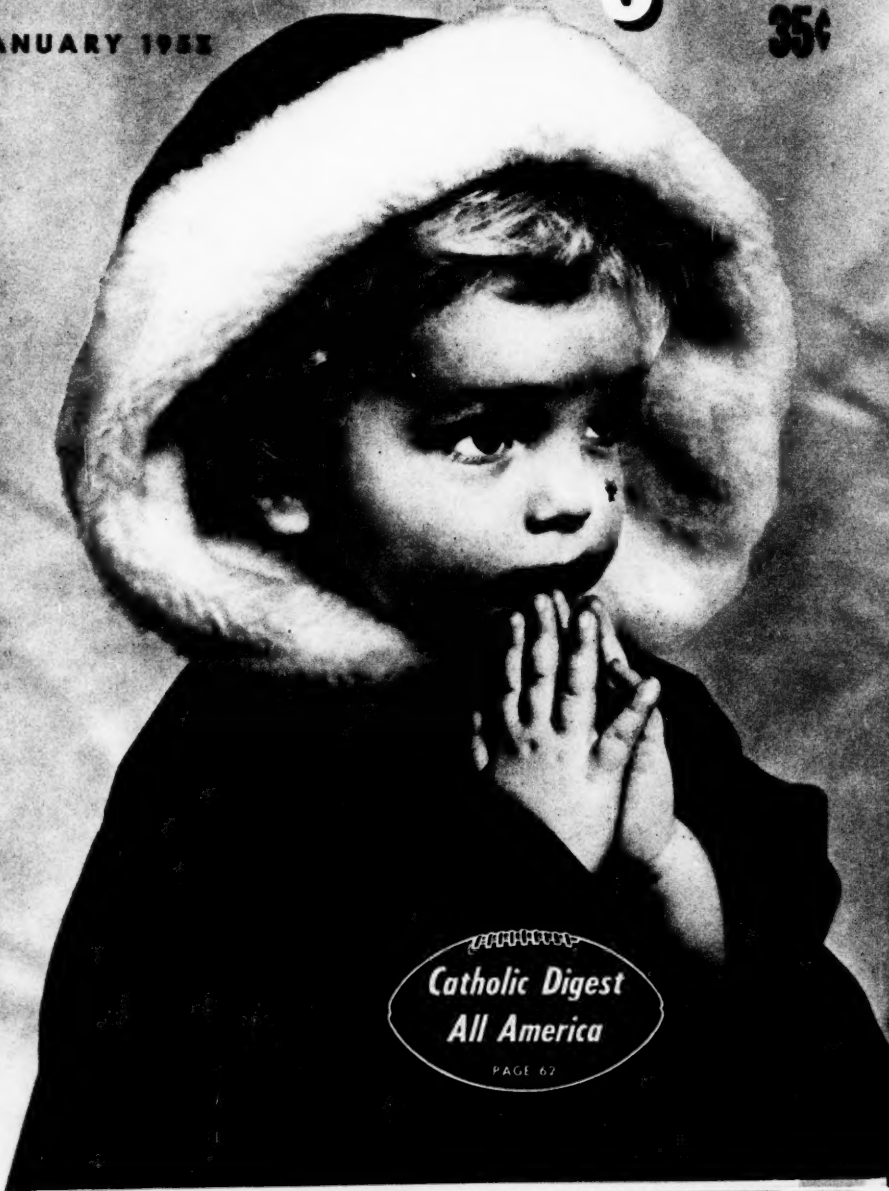


Catholic Digest

JANUARY 1953

35¢



Catholic Digest
All America

PAGE 62

PUBLISHER'S PAGE



A great many of you were pleased with the *Canon of the Mass in Stained-Glass Windows* in the November issue. You wrote for additional copies and some of you asked questions about it.

Some also thought there were "too many words." They pointed out that the great medieval windows had few or no words at all.

That is true, but the reason was that words would have done little good because so few people could read. The medieval artist, therefore, had to tell his story (or, as we would say now, conduct his visual education) without words.

If people had been able to read, the artist would have used words as he did in illuminating manuscripts.

Those Canon windows, you know, do not exist in any church. They exist only as the insert in the November issue. Yet if a person were to use the insert to follow the Canon of the Mass, would it not be for him the equivalent of having the windows in the church he happens to be in? It would be as if he took his windows with him.

Then, if he (or she, of course) would associate the words with the meaning of the pictures, it seems to me that his participation in the Mass would soon become more intelligent and more devout.

If the windows were really installed in a church, the worshiper would be seeing them at different times of day and in differing intensities of light. He would soon know the Canon by heart, and he would be saying it, that is, offering himself together with our Lord, in different times of life and in differing circumstances.

That cannot be done so well with only a paper reproduction instead of the real windows, but no one can do anything else at the moment.

Some have written that they have already used the window insert at Mass, and they report it to be a wonderful and beautiful experience.

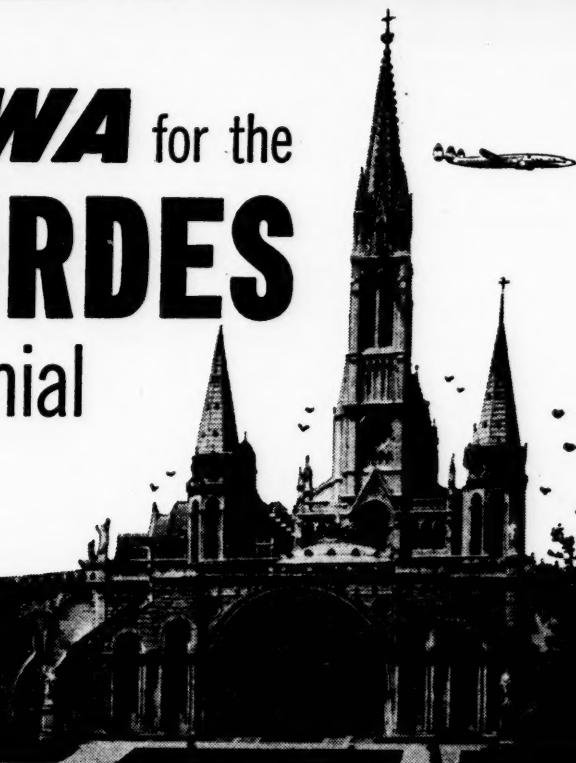
Now we are beginning to think it would be a good idea to republish the windows as a kind of companion to the missal, something you could put in your missal and use at Mass. We would (if we do it) add explanations of the symbols and perhaps provide a better translation of the prayers. Anyone interested?

We are also thinking of putting the window sketches on colored slides so that any teacher or pastor could project them onto a screen while explaining the Canon of the Mass. Again, is anyone interested?

I am sorry to report we did not reach a million circulation with the November issue. The print order was about 50,000 short of a million. If about 50,000 of you would give a subscription to a non-Catholic, that would do it nicely.

Father Bussard

FLY TWA for the **LOURDES** Centennial 1958



The Basilica of Lourdes

Visit the many famous Catholic shrines in Europe . . . see the Vatican Pavilion "Civitas Dei" (City of God) at Brussels' Universal and International Exhibition. Fly aboard swift TWA Super-G Constellations or the luxurious new Jetstream*. Choose First Class Ambassador service . . . the ultimate in luxury. Or *save* with thrifty Golden Banner

Tourist accommodations. Either way, enjoy delicious complimentary meals, complete comfort!

Get More For Your Money! Visit up to 18 cities in Europe for the fare to one on the TWA Stop-Over Plan. Use TWA's liberal Time-Pay Plan. Take the family and *save* with TWA Family Fares. First Class or Tourist!

**Jetstream is a service mark owned exclusively by TWA*

FLY THE FINEST

FLY TWA
TRANS WORLD AIRLINES

Make reservations today!

See your travel agent or call
your nearest TWA office.

TRANS WORLD AIRLINES, Dept. L

380 Madison Avenue, N.Y. 17, N.Y.

Please send me colorful TWA literature on the Lourdes Centennial and European Tours for 1958.

NAME _____
(PLEASE PRINT)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

A Package From My Mother.....	John W. Clifford, S.J.	4
<i>It made it possible for me to say Mass in my prison cell</i>		
Moons in Your Life.....	"The Making of a Moon"	7
<i>Satellites will make the earth a different kind of place</i>		
Through at 40!.....	American Weekly	12
<i>Cruel employment policies may bring national disaster</i>		
The Search for Kathy.....	McCall's	18
<i>A little girl lost in the mountains has many friends</i>		
Christ Born for the Sacrifice.....	Collier's	23
<i>Bishop Sheen tells the story of the Nativity</i>		
Coming: 'Invisible' Commercials.....	Baltimore Sunday Sun	28
<i>A new TV advertising technique is the epitome of hidden persuasion</i>		
Carmen and Kay Basilio.....	Ray Kerrison	33
<i>Co-champions in the game of life</i>		
'Rome Eternal' on TV.....	Paul Horgan	37
<i>The inside story of the first big television event of 1958</i>		
De Valera: Strong Man at 75.....	James H. Winchester	41
<i>Can he find the way to survival for the "vanishing Irish"?</i>		
The Negro-White Problem: The Scapegoat Theory.....	Catholic Digest Survey	47
<i>If there were no Negroes, would anti-Semitism become more virulent?</i>		
A Fraud in Need.....	Kenneth J. McCaffrey	49
<i>A beggar may be a fake, but his plight may be real</i>		
Judge Creel Tries Something New.....	Lillian G. Genn	53
<i>First offenders become historians instead of jailbirds</i>		
Plain Talk Is Good Talk.....	Harper's Bazaar	58
<i>You may be "real amazed" to learn that "drive slow" is OK</i>		
The Catholic College All America.....	Arthur Daley	62
<i>A board of coaches picks the best football players from Catholic schools</i>		
The Problem Drinker.....	Better Homes & Gardens	68
<i>There is a point of no return</i>		
You Are Your Child's Best Teacher.....	Parade	73
<i>And the good teacher in school appreciates the fact</i>		
My 16 Hours a Day.....	Torrid Times	76
<i>Missioners in the Philippines travel far—and high</i>		
The Magic Merry-Go-Round.....	Pageant	82
<i>Carrousels go back to the days of the Crusades</i>		

Brainstorm Your Problems.....	Alex F. Osborn	86
<i>The adage is still true: two heads are better than one</i>		
Jude and His Epistle.....	Paul J. Comber	91
<i>"The servant of Jesus Christ, and brother of James"</i>		
Friends of Felons.....	Ray T. Davis	94
<i>Prisoners, too, need a helping hand</i>		
God's Innocents.....	St. Louis Review	97
<i>The St. Louis archdiocese offers special help to "different" children</i>		
The Salt Mines of Zipaquirá.....	Américas	102
<i>The mine is a cathedral</i>		
Revolution in Surgery.....	New York Times Magazine	107
<i>It's giving many people a second chance</i>		
Pat Stanton of WJMJ.....	Victorian	112
<i>Leprechaun without whiskers; consul without portfolio</i>		
A Release-Time School.....	Catholic Property Administration	118
<i>A parish supplements the public school with a school for religion</i>		
What Would You Like to Know About the Church?.....	J. D. Conway	120
<i>Fasting and abstinence laws have been relaxed down through the ages</i>		
New Words for You.....	11	Flights of Fancy..... 90
In Our House.....	32	The Open Door..... 111
People Are Like That.....	40	Hearts Are Trumps..... 117
The Perfect Assist.....	57	In Our Parish..... 126

Catholic Digest Book Club Selection, 127

Cover photograph by Leo Arons

Published monthly. Subscription price, one year: \$3; 2 years: \$5; 3 years: \$7; 5 years: \$10. Same rates for 2 or more yearly subscriptions, which may include your own. Second class mail privileges authorized at St. Paul, Minn. Copyright 1957 by The Catholic Digest, Inc. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Printed in U.S.A.

Send Subscriptions to this address:
2959 N. Hamline Ave., St. Paul 13, Minn.
President Louis A. Gales
Editor Kenneth Ryan
Assistant Editors Edward A. Harrigan,
Henry Lexau, Maurice Murray, Joseph B.
Connor, Mary Richardson, Kern Pederson.
Assistant Vice Pres. Walter J. Beggin
Publisher Paul Bussard

44 E. 53d Street, New York 22, N.Y.
Vice President Robert C. Morrow
Executive Editor John McCarthy
Book Editor Francis B. Thornton
Foreign Press Editor Maria C. Huergo
Advertising Director Thomas J. McElroy

ENGLAND AND IRELAND: Catholic Digest, 16 So. Frederick Street, Dublin.

BELGIUM: Katolieke Digest and Ecclesia, Ploegstraat 23, Antwerp.

THE NETHERLANDS: Katholiek Visier, Rokin 60, Amsterdam.

ITALY: Sintesi dal Catholic Digest, 5 Via S. Antonio, N., Milan.

GERMANY: Katholischer Digest, 39 Heroldstrasse, Aachenburg.

FRANCE: Ecclesia Digest Catholique, 18-20 rue du Saint-Gothard, Paris XIV.

BRITILE EDITION: National Braille Press, 88 St. Stephen Street, Boston 15, \$10 a year.

Foreign subscriptions at \$3 a year should be sent to addresses given, not to St. Paul office.

"All that rings true, all that commands reverence, and all that makes for right; all that is pure, all that is lovely, all that is gracious in the telling; virtue and merit, wherever virtue and merit are found—let this be the argument of your thoughts" (St. Paul in his letter to the Philippians, Chapter 4).

This is the argument of THE CATHOLIC DIGEST. Its contents therefore, may come from any source, magazine, book, newspaper, syndicate, of whatever language, of any writer. Of course, this does not mean approval of the "entire source" but only of what is published.

A Package From My Mother

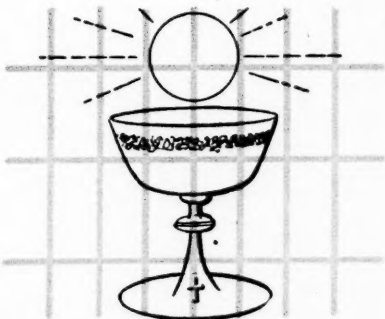
It made it possible for me to say Mass in a Chinese prison

IN PRISON the days go leadenly by, but a priest does not count days; he counts the Masses which he did not say. There were exactly 1,019 Masses which I did not say during my three years in four Chinese prisons. But what I like to remember are the 41 Masses that I did offer in prison.

These mornings, when I hold the Host over spotless altar linen or lift on high the gleaming chalice of precious Blood, I cannot help remembering those night Masses in Shanghai's Ward Road jail. My only light was from the dim electric bulb in the corridor outside my cell. My host came out of an Alka-Seltzer bottle, where other hosts lay concealed between layers of white candy wafers. My chalice was the inverted stopper of a medicine bottle, about the shape and size of an eyecup.

I nearly did not recognize these prosaic containers as potential vessels for the holy Sacrifice. They arrived in China in a Red Cross package sent by my mother, Mrs. Anna G. Clifford, who is 81.

When the package which contained the Mass utensils and bread



and wine arrived in China I was in the Massenet jailhouse in Shanghai. I shared a 5' x 8' cell with five other prisoners, none Christian, and all hostile to me.

Massenet prison always brings up visions of *ch'ou ch'ung* (stink bugs). The reddish insects, about the size of ladybugs, crawled out of the floor and walls. They lived on human blood, and their bites made other terrors seem trivial. The walls were blood-splotted with bugs which the prisoners had killed by day. There was little prisoner coop-

Father Clifford was released from his final imprisonment at Shanghai on June 15, 1956. He is recuperating in California.

eration in that cell, but on extermination, action was united, however unavailing. If they served for nothing else, the bugs served to remind us that we were still alive.

When the communists first permitted Red Cross packages to reach us, I had accepted them once or twice, but the new privilege soon turned out to be another contrivance. I was told that further deliveries would be suspended if I did not sign a confession that I was an "imperialist saboteur." My choice: no packages.

But Providence was at work. I was transferred to the Ward Road prison, a grim, cement stockade. Here I was put into a cell with just one other prisoner. When my mother's package was next offered to me there were no stipulations attached, and I took it.

As I examined the contents, there was no sudden recognition that here was the bread and wine for the holy Sacrifice. I read the rough label in Latin which said: *Pabulum Vitae* (Food of Life), but my fatigued brain had lost a great deal of its associative powers. The communists had not succeeded in brainwashing me, but I was no candidate just then for the Quiz Kids either.

I struggled for comprehension. Could it be? It must be. It was true. Here were tiny wafered hosts concealed between the white candy circles. The accompanying bottle contained wine, half of it already gone from someone's generous sam-

pling, but if I were utterly abstemious—?

I looked around my dingy cell. Plans began surging through my mind. "Careful, Jack," I warned myself over and over. I glanced at my cellmate. Whatever plan I made would have to deal with him. He was neither Christian nor friendly. He might tell the guards.

To be able to say Mass again for my poor, pitiful China! If ever I had hoped for it, those hopes had been washed away by my fatigue-drenched days in prison, endless interrogations, endless standing in courts until my head whirled and my senses sickened and my body ached. But now I dared hope again.

Out of my murky review came a first, firm decision. I must not rush. I must clear away all the clinging cobwebs of prison life. I would first make a day of preparation and reparation. I scoured my mind for all remnants of my training in the liturgy.

Next night, when darkness came, my plans were all prepared. My cellmate groaned and snored and snuffled a few times and was soon in that languor that passes in prison for sleep. The guard passed on his round of inspection. He peered in but guessed nothing. I heard his footsteps grow muffled and die away. If I were quiet, he would not soon be back. Now was the time.

Soundlessly I extracted the necessary utensils from the Red Cross package. My corporal was a strip of

handkerchief. My purificator was another tattered strip. I thought of other Masses I had said: my ordination Mass, Masses in great cathedrals, Masses in quiet convents, my first Mass in China.

I had no missal. My memory was more tattered than my purificator. Could I remember the Latin phrases that despite daily intonation are never too firmly lodged? I would have to trust to what the psychologists call the "rubric of unwinding," trust that one familiar phrase would incite the next and stimulate the whole chain.

"Introibo ad altare Dei . . . (I will go unto the altar of God)."
"Munda cor meum . . . (Cleanse my heart)." My lips were moving over the familiar prayers. *"Suscipe, Sancte Pater . . . (Receive, O Holy Father)."* The host gleamed ivory white in the darkness, like a tiny moon making light on which I could center my eyes. There was but half a teaspoon of wine in my improvised chalice.

It was Nov. 19, the feast of St. Elizabeth of Hungary. My first intention was for Pope Pius XII, whom I had so often heard attacked

during my years in prison, and for all his intentions for the persecuted Church.

My second intention was for all priests and bishops then under persecution. Bishop Ignatius Kiong, was he alive? Fathers Wong, Tsu, and all the others? So many others suffering far worse ordeals.

Never was I more intent on the words of Consecration, and there was Christ in my cell with me. My loneliness vanished. Time has no walls to keep Him out. "I was in prison and You visited me."

Mass over, I put the utensils quietly away, nursing my shreds of strength because I was exhausted. Yet, for all the exhaustion, my thanksgiving that night was easy to make. I lay long awake thinking.

Before I was released, I offered other Masses like this one, each its own natural as well as supernatural drama.

On Christmas eve, I went the limit. Three Masses. Why not? China, I reasoned, needs these Masses desperately, and I must celebrate them. It was good to be able to do something again for China. It is good to be a priest forever.

FOR DARK SPACES

A door-to-door salesman asked a housewife, "Have you any children?"

"Yes, I have two small boys," she told him.

"Well then," said the salesman enthusiastically, "you will no doubt be interested in our new Space soap, especially concocted to remove rocket grease, interplanetary smudge, comet grime, and stellar dust."

Minneapolis Tribune (4 Nov. '57).

By Arthur C. Clarke
*Condensed from "The Making of a Moon"**

Moons in Your Life

They may bring all mankind as close together as next-door neighbors

IS IT PREMATURE to talk about the commercial possibilities of satellites? The airplane became of commercial importance within 30 years of its birth, and there are good reasons for thinking that this time interval may be shortened in the case of the satellite, because of its possibly immense value in every area of communications.

Our civilization depends upon its radio and cable links as completely as a man's body depends upon its nervous system. First the telegraph, then the telephone, then radio, then television have annihilated distance barriers. But all have their limitations. Some of the limitations will be removed by technical progress, but others appear to be fundamental.

Consider, for example, the problem of transmitting speech between Europe and America. The advent of radio provided a solution, but a limited one. Radio waves, like light and all other electromagnetic waves, normally travel in straight lines. Wireless communication is possible



around the curve of the earth only because of the ionosphere, which acts as an erratic, unstable radio mirror 60 miles above our heads.

When the ionosphere is behaving itself, speech of acceptable quality can be sent across the Atlantic, though on its way it usually picks up an assortment of whistles, crackles, hisses, and other noises. On what is ruefully known as a "disturbed" day, it may be impossible to establish any communication at all by radio.

Transatlantic cables have been in

*© 1957 by Arthur Charles Clarke, and reprinted with permission of Harper & Brothers, 49 E. 33rd St., New York City 16. 205 pp. \$3.50.

existence for a century, but until 1956 they could be used to transmit only telegraphy. It was impossible to send speech through them. Not until the astonishing feat of sinking a chain of boosters on the bed of the Atlantic was performed could telephone communication be established between America and Europe.

Transatlantic television poses a far more difficult technical problem. A television circuit has to handle about 1,000 times as much information per second as does a speech circuit. The continually varying, two-dimensional pattern which forms a picture is much more complex than the sound of even a full symphony orchestra. A transatlantic television cable is theoretically possible, but would cost several hundred million dollars and could be far more profitably used carrying 1,000 separate telephone conversations instead of one TV program.

Speech and vision are by no means the only types of intelligence we now wish to transmit from one spot to another, or to broadcast over the face of the earth. Masses of statistical information, instructions for machines and computers, navigational data for ships and aircraft—the list is endless. As automation extends over the planet, the demand for channels of communication of all types will grow.

The artificial satellite appears to offer a complete answer to this problem. It may break the bottle-

neck which will be acute ten or 20 years hence. Moreover, it could provide types of service which would be inconceivable by any other means.

Even a "close" satellite is at such an altitude that a radio transmitter carried aboard it would have a tremendous range. Everyone knows the great efforts that are made to get TV and ultrashort-wave aerials as high into the air as possible, by placing them on mountains or tall buildings. The reliable service area at such short-wave lengths extends only a little way beyond the horizon, which is just what one would expect for waves behaving in the same way as light. Roughly speaking, one can receive TV signals about as far away as one can see the transmitting antenna, if the atmosphere is perfectly clear. The service area for a transmitter at a reasonable altitude is therefore seldom more than 50 miles in radius, and frequently much less.

If that transmitter were 200 miles up, its service area would be 3,000 miles across. Even the closest practical satellite could bridge the Atlantic if it were used as a repeater station, picking up signals from one continent and, after amplifying them, beaming them on to the other. A satellite transmitter 4,000 miles up, if it traveled above the equator, could be received over most of the civilized world, since it would be visible from all points between 60° north and 60° south on

the hemisphere beneath it. Only inhabitants of the Polar regions would have difficulty in picking up its signals.

A well-placed satellite station could provide not merely an adequate radio or TV service at any desired wave length, but a service of high quality, such as one normally enjoys only when living very close to a transmitter. There would be direct, line-of-sight contact between transmitter and receiver. The risk of picking up interference would be reduced to the vanishing point. Gone forever would be the days of cracklings and bangings on the radio, or multiple images and snowstorms on TV.

Some practical problems will have to be overcome before these dazzling prospects can be realized. We will assume that the art of rocketry has progressed to such a point that satellites of reasonable size can be established at any desired distance from the earth. Now, at an altitude of 22,000 miles, a satellite would take just one day to go around the earth. But since the earth's own rotation period is one day, a satellite in a 22,000-mile orbit above the equator would remain stationary over the same spot on the earth, precisely as if it were fixed to the top of an invisible tower.

Unlike all other heavenly bodies, it would neither rise nor set, but would hang motionless in the sky. That is, so it would seem to an ob-

server on the earth—let us say to one on the equator, immediately below the satellite. In reality it would be moving along in its orbit at almost 7,000 miles an hour, and it would be this speed which would keep it in the sky.

Although the gravitational influence of the moon, and other factors, would eventually cause the satellite to wander from its original position, it would require very little energy to neutralize these forces. A low-powered rocket motor, operating for short times at rare intervals, would bring the satellite back into place.

A single satellite could obviously provide radio or TV coverage only over the hemisphere immediately beneath it; the other half of the globe would need a second satellite transmitter. They should just be able to "see" each other around one edge of the earth, yet at the same time be able to provide the same broadcast service over almost the whole world. There would be a shadow zone about 20° wide on the other side of the earth inside which line-of-sight reception would be impossible. But by positioning the satellites so that this zone was in the middle of the Pacific, it would be easy to give all the well-populated areas of the planet line-of-sight reception.

A more symmetrical solution, which would provide perfect coverage over the whole planet with no blind areas, would involve the use of three satellites. Any spot on the

earth could then have line-of-sight communication with one satellite, and often with two, while the satellites themselves would be linked directly by narrow radio beams requiring very little power to operate.

One satellite might be positioned on the 30° meridian (approximately above Lake Victoria Nyanza, in Africa) to provide coverage over Europe and Africa. A second might be in latitude 90° west (over the New Orleans meridian) to cover the Americas. The third might be at 150° (roughly above New Guinea) to give service over Australia and the Pacific.

The three satellites would form a giant triangle which would turn slowly in harmony with the earth itself, as if fixed to it by invisible spokes. Between them they could provide every type of radio or TV service, over an enormously wide band of frequencies.

In principle, the satellite relay chain could take over the work of all the world's long-distance communication networks, cable and radio, and could provide many types of service which are impossible or far too expensive today. For example, it would not be difficult to cover the earth with a kind of radio grid—a system, as it were, of invisible lines of latitude and longitude—so that a simple instrument could give an immediate reading of position anywhere on the planet. An indicator like a complex watch, and perhaps not much larger,

would show on several dials one's exact position on the earth. With such an aid, no one need ever be lost again.

The enormous number of channels available, and the efficiency made possible by line-of-sight communication might at last make the telephone completely mobile, no longer chained to fixed circuits. One can envisage the development of personal radios with some kind of automatic calling system whereby any two persons in the world could get into contact. If you knew a person's identification number, you could dial him—and a few seconds later his wrist receiver would start buzzing.

Such a system would prevent countless tragedies. Who has not tried in vain to find a friend who has gone to the wrong meeting place and is standing disconsolately at the corner of 10th Ave. and 5th St. instead of 5th Ave. and 10th St.? At the same time, the prospect of never being able to escape from the rest of the human race, or to have any privacy except by stealth, is more than a little alarming.

The prospects opened by global TV are equally stimulating, and equally terrifying. To mention one: no form of national censorship could exist once telecasts from all countries were as easy to receive as those from one's local station. This abolition of the barriers of distance might have most interesting political and moral consequences.

We cannot imagine what life would be without radio, TV or telephone, however much we may sometimes curse all three of them. Yet the communications system we now possess is still primitive. Not until the orbital relay chain is hang-

ing in the sky will all men become neighbors, each able to be in the other's presence at the touch of a switch.

And when that time arrives, the age of cities as we know them will have come to an end.

NEW WORDS FOR YOU

By G. A. CEVASCO

Scholars who concern themselves with the origins of words tell us that a comparatively small number of Latin word roots enter into the make-up of thousands of English words. So an easy way to build your vocabulary is to learn these word roots.

Scribere in Latin, for example, means to write or to draw. Each definition in Column B has something to do with the root meaning of each word in Column A. Can you match the two columns?

Column A

1. nondescript
2. scriptorium
3. ascribe
4. conscription
5. postscript
6. circumscribe
7. proscribe
8. inscribe
9. subscribe
10. manuscript
11. rescript
12. transcribe

Column B

- a) To draw a line around; to encircle; to limit.
- b) To write or make a copy of; to record for broadcasting.
- c) A room in a monastery set apart for writing.
- d) To assign; "to write toward;" to impute.
- e) An afterthought added to a completed letter; to "write after."
- f) An official order or decree; a rewriting or something rewritten.
- g) To write or engrave; to dedicate.
- h) Something drawn up in writing; a compulsory enrollment, especially of men in armed forces.
- i) Book or document handwritten or typewritten.
- j) Not written down; not belonging to a particular class or kind; such a person or thing.
- k) To write underneath, as one's name; to attest, promise or yield; be in favor of.
- l) To denounce and condemn; to banish; to "write for."

(Answers on page 27.)

By Albert Q. Maisel
*Condensed from the "American Weekly"**



Through at 40!

*Industry is sawing off the
branch on which it is sitting*

HE WAS A WELL-DRESSED, dignified man who had never before found it hard to put his ideas over convincingly. But as he sat uncomfortably before an interviewer's desk in an office of the New York State Employment service, his words came hesitantly. He had been hunting a job for nearly five months, and had found nothing.

John Jones (that's not his real name, of course) had lost his position when a merger swallowed up the drug manufacturing firm for

which he had worked for 14 years. He described his record: as an honor student at college, as chief pharmacist at a hospital, as a "detail man" introducing new drugs to physicians, and as supervisor of a dozen other pharmaceutical detailers.

There was more than a hint of desperation in his voice as he named the salary he would accept: a third less than he had earned before. But when he finished, the interviewer smiled encouragingly, and lifted a card from her file. "You've got exactly the experience these people are looking for," she told him as she reached for her telephone.

Seconds later she was describing him to a personnel director. "Yes, he has his own car," Jones heard her say. "Yes, he lives out on Long Island and knows every physician and druggist in the territory. His age? Let's see. Oh, yes—he was 41 last December."

For a fleeting moment Jones' eyes had been aglow with hope and anticipation. Then he heard the interviewer saying, "But won't you even see him?" And his shoulders drooped as he realized that once again he had been denied the chance to be considered for a job that he knew he could have filled to perfection.

*63 Vesey St., New York City 7. Sept. 1, 1957. © 1957 by Hearst Publishing Co., and reprinted with permission.

"I'm terribly sorry," the interviewer explained. "I should have remembered that they have an iron-clad rule against hiring any new employee who is over 40."

Fantastic? Irrational? Disgraceful? Of course. But shockingly true. What happened to John Jones is happening every day to scores of thousands of men and women. At 45, 40, 35, sometimes at 30, they are discovering that they have become too old to meet the arbitrary hiring-age barriers erected by more than half of all employers.

Mind you, I am not talking about incompetence, not pleading for neurotics who can't get along with supervisors or fellow employees. I am not defending job jumpers who quit whenever a whim strikes them. My concern (and, I hope, yours) is with the innumerable talented, experienced men and women who, in the face of a desperate shortage of skilled personnel, are being routinely refused even an interview, solely because of the accident of their dates of birth.

The age bias could hit you just as disastrously as it hits them, through no fault of your own, if a merger, business failure, or introduction of automatic machinery suddenly wiped out the job you've held for years.

In New York City, for example, changes in shopping habits have compelled three large department stores to close within the last two years. Each time, almost 1,000 em-

ployees were thrown out of work. Each time, the younger workers, with but a few years of experience, were quickly offered jobs by other big stores. But almost all the others, men and women with 15 and 20-year records as star salespeople, found themselves on the scrap heap.

"When the Namm-Loeser Brooklyn store closed, nearly 600 of its older workers registered with us," Janet O. Wolfe, manager of the commercial and sales office of the New York State Employment service, told me. "In nearly a year we've managed to place only a handful of these skilled people. The rest? Most are still haunting the personnel offices and getting nothing but an occasional part-time job. But a number of them, rebuffed over and over, have completely cracked up."

In Michigan, in 1956, automation enabled one of the big auto makers to boost production in its stamping shops by fully 300%. As a result, an independent stamping plant lost its contract and was forced to close down, throwing 5,000 men out of work.

For most of the younger men it meant only a short layoff; other manufacturers bid against one another in a wild scramble to hire them. But the unemployment benefits of most workers between 35 and 50 were exhausted before they could find new positions.

Even then the "luckiest" of these victims of age discrimination had to accept wage cuts of from 25% to

50% to get any work at all. And a full year after the disaster had struck them, 1,000 of the older workers were still without employment.

In 1951, an analysis of 4,374 "Help Wanted: Male" ads in a New York City daily revealed that 38.2% carried age restrictions. Last year, U.S. Labor department officials found that the proportion of want ads limiting job opportunities to workers under 45 had skyrocketed to nearly 60%!

Often the iron curtain against "age" descends far sooner than that. A typical Los Angeles advertiser, for example, demands "Researchers on Defense Project: B.S. degree plus 5 years minimum experience: age 27-35."

A large manufacturing plant near Chicago seeks "Machinists, experience all phases of setup on planers, millers, shapers; must be under 30."

Thousands of similar ads, casually barring mature workers as if they were doddering has-beens, appear every day. But such open admissions of age bias tell only a part of the whole ugly story. Confidential hiring orders to employment agencies are even more often discriminatory. Last spring, for instance, the U.S. Department of Labor sponsored a study of more than 21,000 such job orders received during a single month by the state employment services in seven cities. In Detroit, more than two-thirds of all jobs were tagged "Older Workers Needn't Apply." In Miami, 73% of

job orders set rigid age limitations. In Minneapolis and St. Paul, age restrictions accompanied more than three-quarters of all requests for new employees.

In Philadelphia, the City of Brotherly Love, fully 79% of all employers were barring men and women in their middle 40's from all hope of employment. In all seven metropolitan districts, one hiring order out of every five set the maximum age for new employees at 35 or lower.

Is there any real excuse for this cruel discrimination? Why does industry, so efficient in everything else, so flagrantly waste skill, talent, and experience?

For more than four months I have hunted for a logical answer to these questions. I have interviewed scores of personnel directors, sales managers, production executives, and company presidents. Like everyone else who has studied the problem, I've listened to a host of reasons. But every last one has turned out to be not a reason at all, but merely an excuse based upon myths, old wives' tales, half-truths, and raw, ugly prejudice.

Typical was the answer of the personnel director of a metal-working firm with more than 5,000 employees. "I hate to turn down an older man," he told me. "But you can't get over the fact that after 40 they slow down. If we didn't set a hiring-age limit, our production costs would climb sky high."

This same reason was cited by more than four out of every ten employers interviewed by the Department of Labor in its recent seven-city survey. But is it really a fact?

The National Association of Manufacturers tried to find out, six years ago, through a study of more than 3,000 companies employing more than 3 million people. And 93% of the firms reported that workers 40 and older were equal or superior to younger workers.

More recently, when the Bureau of National Affairs asked the personnel and industrial relations executives of 196 large companies, "Are your older workers less efficient?" three out of every four of these men responded with a loud "No!"

Researchers from Temple university recently queried 97 Pennsylvania companies employing 1,000 or more workers each. On quantity of production, more than 60% of the firms rated their older employees as "average or above average." More than 90% of the companies said that older men turned out finer work, had far lower spoilage rates, and far fewer rejects.

Another favorite excuse centers about the charge that older workers are inflexible and unimaginative, and have trouble getting along with younger men. But when the Bureau of National Affairs asked executives whether they had any great

difficulty supervising the work of older men in their own plants, 81% of the officials from large companies replied, "Not at all," and 90% of the executives from companies with fewer than 1,000 employees gave the same emphatic answer.

The University of Illinois survey dealt with workers over 60, presumably the crankiest and most inflexible. Yet 59% of their supervisors reported that the older men got along just as well with their foremen and their fellow employees as did the majority of younger men.

In fact, study after study has shown that the work attitudes of people over 40 are measurably better than those of youngsters. Prentice-Hall, Inc., a book-publishing concern, surveyed a cross section of companies ranging in size from 100 to 50,000 employees. Seventy-six per cent of the firms reported that general dependability was greater among the older men. Not a single company claimed that younger men deserved a better rating.

One excuse for hiring only youngsters is that absenteeism is far more common among older workers. But what are the facts?

Among women it is predominantly the young, unmarried ones who phone in to plead a "headache" after a too-late date with the boy friend. Among men it is again predominantly the youngsters who turn up on Tuesday or Wednesday after a week-end bender.

In fact, when the Bureau of

Labor Statistics studied the time cards of more than 16,000 male employees in 109 manufacturing plants, it found that men over 40 had a 20% better attendance record than younger workers. In Chicago, when a leading department store checked its files, it discovered that absenteeism was 35% higher among its younger saleswomen than among those over 50.

"We need young trainees who will stay with us for many years," one crew-cut personnel man, himself just recently out of the trainee class, told me. "If we hired people over 40, half of them wouldn't stay on the payroll long enough to justify their training costs."

But who are really the job jumpers? To find the truth the Labor Department analyzed nearly two million job-separation records. The quit rate of men in their 20's and 30's turned out to be nearly three times higher than that of workers over 45.

What about the charge that older workers have more accidents? Bunk, again. It's the inexperienced youngsters who leap before they look who end up in the hospital. Workers over 45, a federal survey of 18,700 employees recently revealed, actually have 2.5% fewer disabling injuries and 25% fewer non-disabling injuries than those in the younger age brackets.

As for sickness, mature workers have a far better record than their juniors. Visits to plant clinics for

headaches, colds, and similar ailments are most common in the 20-34 age group, least frequent among those over 50. In a study of more than 9,000 steel workers, men with 25 or more years of service were sick enough to be hospitalized only half as often as were the younger men.

No matter what other reasons they recite for denying jobs to mature workers, almost all who practice age-discrimination eventually fall back upon the argument that higher insurance and pension costs make it too expensive to hire anyone on the wrong side of 40. But this alibi has been thoroughly exploded by an extensive study conducted for the Department of Labor by a committee of 19 pension and insurance experts.

To provide \$3,500 group life insurance for a worker hired at 55, this committee noted, would cost an employer only two cents more per hour than for a man of 30. "Tax deductions and dividend credits," the report added, "would reduce this cost to one cent an hour or less."

Workmen's compensation rates, the committee reminded industry, are based upon each employer's accident record, not upon the age of his workers. Health and accident insurance policies likewise are not generally affected by the age of the employee. "Sickness and accident insurance costs," the report declares, "may actually be lower for em-

ployees in the older age groups, since their dependents are fewer and maternity is no longer a significant hazard."

When he hires an older worker, the employer is seldom expected to pile up as large a pension for him in five or ten years as would be accumulated for a younger man over a period of 25 to 35 years. The employer makes the same contributions for both—so many cents per hour or per dollar earned. The older man, of course, gets a smaller supplementary pension when he retires. But that is far better than being barred from employment and getting no income at all.

The experts' report was published more than two years ago. Yet many an employment manager still uses the old pension-cost argument.

What is the price we all are paying for this callous squandering of precious skills and trained minds?

For the victims of the process, age barriers spell shattered lives. For millions more of us the threat of finding ourselves all washed up in the prime of life poses a haunting fear for the future.

But for all of us, whether we be employees, the self-employed or employers, the insidious growth of age discrimination involves an even greater threat to our futures. Already we are all paying higher taxes to provide unemployment benefits and relief payments to the competent workers that industry is needlessly discarding.

Yet these vast expenses are but the beginning of the toll. For as long as we permit men and women of 45, and even 35, to be barred from employment solely because of their age, we are leaving the way wide open for the rise of an explosive political movement that will make the "ham-and-eggs," the "\$30 every Thursday," and the Townsend Plan of the 1930's seem like Sunday school picnics.

"The older worker," New York State Senator Thomas C. Desmond has warned us, "is tired of hearing about the problem of age discrimination. He wants something done about it. There are millions of people between 40 and 65 whose livelihood is jeopardized by the discriminatory use of the crude, unreliable index of age as a measure of capacity. The frustrations of the older worker can find release in a wild handout movement that will engulf the stability of our entire economic order."

"If economic life becomes too hard for the over-40's," says Secretary of Labor James P. Mitchell, "they will form the most potent pressure group this nation has ever known and force some kind of public program for their survival. This is a problem industry must face immediately. Will it find places for them—and make profits from their production—or will it wait to be taxed much more heavily than now in order to sustain them as non-workers?"

The Search for Kathy

*New-found friends brought hope to heavy hearts
when a little girl was lost in the mountains*

ALFRED AND WILDA Bebee, of Cripple Creek, Colo., and their five children love the outdoors. The children are Christine, nine; Lynda, six; Charles, five; Kathy, three; and Mark, 18 months. Al, until his recent resignation, was superintendent of the Cresson gold mine. Little Kathy is almost as much a fishing addict as her father.

On July 4, 1956, Al Bebee and Bob Thomas, a Cresson bookkeeper, decided to take their families to Gunnison National forest for a holiday. Their destination was the Dorchester Camp grounds, a seven-hour drive. They settled on a flat between Pine and Tellurium creeks.

The two families had a big meal of trout at 3 P.M. At five, Wilda called, "Let's go fishing!" The children were playing in a forbidden prospector's hole, which was cut off from sight of the camp by trees and a slope. They scrambled out and dashed down the hill.

Wilda passed out cookies, then looked around and asked, "Where's Kathy?" She wasn't there. Wilda



shouted Kathy's name. No answer.

Bob thought of the hole. He dropped his fishing gear and sprinted up the hill. The others raced after him.

Bob slid down a vertical bank into Pine creek. He is six feet seven and an athlete, but had trouble keeping his balance in the rushing stream. He groped between rocks and under ledges.

Al said he would search farther uphill. He is calm, even-tempered. "I wasn't too upset," he recalls. "We were pretty sure she wasn't in the

*230 Park Ave., New York City 17. August, 1957. © 1957 by McCall Corp., and reprinted with permission.

water, so she had to be on the hill."

Wilda had a sickening feeling that she shouldn't have let the children go off alone. "When we didn't find her in a half hour, I panicked. I ran up and down the hill, not knowing where I was going or what I was doing."

After exhausting herself she decided to get help. She waded Tellurium creek and hurried to the nearest camp. A St. Louis man and his wife were sitting down to dinner. No, they had not seen Kathy, but they left their food and joined the search. In other camps, she got the same response.

She went down to the road. Fishermen, trappers, and vacationists were returning to their cabins around Cranor's trading post or in the old mining camp of Tincup or to homes in Crested Butte and Gunnison. She halted each car, pleading for help. The answer she always got was, "Where?"

Then she got into the Bebee station wagon and sped down the dirt road toward Cranor's, central point in this 150-square-mile wilderness. A few miles north of Cranor's, she stopped Game Warden Don Benson's truck. He and Warden Sid Andrews had been trapping beavers since early morning.

The trading post was jammed at six o'clock when Wilda ran up the steps. Marshall Cranor turned the store over to his wife, and got on the telephone.

News of Kathy's plight spread by

word of mouth, official radio, telephone. It brought tourists, officials, fishermen, near-by businessmen, teachers, college men in the mountains on research, pick-and-shovel laborers, and entire families of five and six members. It brought a wealthy rancher; an oil man from Texas; a geologist from Denver; a Kansas City industrialist; a hard-working couple from Pueblo, Colo., who had only this one long weekend vacation all year; and a horse-opera-type cowhand wearing black shirt and trousers, shiny boots with silver spurs, and carrying two pearl-handled guns. The crowd included three drunks bearing a small beer keg, who were turned back by Warden Benson.

They searched singly, in groups, and in long lines commanded by District Sheriff George Cope, Warden Benson, and Sheriff Ralph Baker of Glenwood Springs, who had been fishing in the mountains. They crossed and recrossed square miles of mountain, driven by the urgency to find Kathy before she got too far away or got hurt.

The St. Louis woman stayed through the night, brewing and serving coffee. Couples contributed their entire supplies of food. Two women washed the Bebee and Thomas children's clothes. A nurse massaged Wilda's neck and shoulders. An elderly woman cleaned the camp area. Another woman, a new arrival, stood for a minute away from the firelight, saying a prayer,

then joined one of the search parties.

At times Wilda said aloud, to no one in particular, "Do you think she's dead?" As the temperature dropped to the middle 30's she said wistfully, "If she only had her sweater on."

Once a dog howled, and Wilda ran to the sound. But the dog was howling out of some private misery. Another time one of the children in the tent whimpered. It seemed to come from beyond the timber and she leaped up, straining her ears. Once a bird answered her call with a childlike cry. Wilda followed the sound, and again called, "Kathy." The bird replied and flew to another tree. Wilda called once more, and the bird flew away, disappearing into the night.

Sue Thomas was going through her hell, too. "I thought it was my fault. When I was handing out candy, Kathy didn't like her piece and asked for another. I told her No. She seemed to take it good-naturedly, but maybe she got mad and walked away from the other children."

Twice that night Bob thought he had found Kathy. Once he heard a rustling that sounded like movements of a small child. He moved stealthily toward it: a porcupine. "I saw something that could have been Kathy's T-shirt. It was a cow skull." Everybody jumped at the barest clue. Footprints were seen, and found to be old or too large. Warden Evans found tracks: "Once

where she fell, then where she put three fingers in the dust, then where she fell again." He marked them with a stick for bloodhounds. Several times Benson and Cope tried to get Kathy's dog, Pokie, to lead them, but the dog either outdistanced them or was frightened back to camp by the flashlights.

As gray streaks began to break up the moonless night, Cope and Benson decided to bring up maximum help. Cope was one of the few who wasn't disheartened. He radioed a repeat request for bloodhounds. He ordered the Game and Fish plane out of Grand Junction and a private plane out of Gunnison. He asked for volunteers from Western State college and from Gunnison.

The college students gulped food and tore out of the cafeteria. Within an hour some 75 students, faculty members, and deans were highballing into the mountains. President Peter P. Mickelson ordered an annual faculty picnic canceled. He, his wife, and Dean C. G. Hitchcock loaded the picnic food, 40 fried chickens and 20 pounds of roast beef, plus whatever else could be hurriedly pulled out of the cafeteria, into a station wagon and set out for the Bebee camp.

At 7:45 A.M. Deputy Warren Mergelman, an insurance and real-estate man, began driving a mobile public-address system through Gunnison, calling for volunteers to head directly to the Bebee camp or to assemble at the sheriff's office for

transportation. When he returned to the sheriff's office, he found businessmen, housewives, miners just off the night shift at the mine, boys and girls milling impatiently around the office. "I told a bunch of 12 and 13-year-olds that they were too young; they looked at me as if I had knifed them in the back."

In Cripple Creek, people heard about Kathy on the 8 A.M. news broadcast. Friends phoned one another, working out a plan to join the searchers.

At the Bebee camp, 300 people were radiating out in long lines to sweep the hill between the two creeks. Two small aircraft wheeled lazily over the trees.

The noise awoke the children. Lynda, who had cried a long time before falling asleep, asked, "Is Kathy back?" then fell into a long silence. Charley said, "When are we going to find Kathy so we can go fishing?" Christine opened her eyes. "I thought, 'She's here.' Then I knew she wasn't, and I felt awful bad. Outside the tent I heard a man say something about lion tracks, and that scared me."

Off to the east of camp a ragged line of Western State students were walking, talking, peering, checking every brush clump. One of them was Wayne McLaughlin, a quiet man of 27 who now teaches at the consolidated school in Cortex, Colo., and is also a counselor at the To-waac Indian reservation.

"There was too much noise,"

McLaughlin says. "You couldn't hear small sounds."

He decided to strike out alone, up the hill. He climbed a mile and a half. After two hours he paused, then turned downhill toward the camp.

He heard a noise. It sounded like a little girl crying. He was not sure of the direction it came from.

"I heard the whimper again." He moved slowly about 50 yards toward the sound. Then he saw a little girl, sobbing regularly, walking toward him. "I felt chills up and down my back," he says.

He called, "Hello!" Kathy looked up, and ran toward him. McLaughlin picked her up. "Are you the little girl lost?"

"Yes," Kathy answered. Her feet were swollen and her body was covered with insect bites. Tear streaks had cut through the dirt on her face. Her shoes were muddy.

McLaughlin took an orange from his pocket, and handed it to her. "Thank you," Kathy said. "I'll eat it when I get home."

Carrying her, McLaughlin began the long walk to camp. It was 11:30 A.M.

Kathy had been lost for 19 hours. The previous afternoon, when she heard her mother shout, "Let's go fishing," she had decided to beat the other kids back to camp by taking a short cut. She took off across the hill, rather than down it, and lost her bearings. She kept walking.

Daylight turned into a "great big

dark." When she tired she sat down to rest or napped until the cold forced her to move. Several times she shouted, "Daddy, bring me my coat." She heard her father calling to her but could never reach him. She saw the flashlights of the searchers but thought they were lightning. During the night, her dog Pokie approached and made playful passes at her. "He bothered me." In the morning, "I saw a squirrel. He gave me a nut."

In camp, a dozen men and women, including college President Mickelson, were dishing out sandwiches and coffee to the searchers. The Bebees and Thomases, numb with exhaustion and tension, were sprawled out waiting for the bloodhounds, expected within an hour.

A few hundred yards north of camp a girl saw Kathy in McLaughlin's arms. She turned and ran down toward camp, screaming, "They found her!"

The words froze everyone, in joy, disbelief, fear for Kathy's condition. Then Al and Bob sprang up and sprinted up the hill, followed by the others. Wilda ran behind her husband, hit a root, stumbled, fell. For a few moments she remained kneeling, praying.

The cry "They found her!" was

ringing across the hill as McLaughlin handed Kathy to her parents. Al and Wilda knelt on the ground, clutching Kathy between them. Sheriff Baker pushed between them to see if Kathy needed medical attention. Then he said, "Thank God," and stepped away from them.

Kathy looked sternly at her father. "Why didn't you come and get me?" she asked. "I looked all over for our tent." Al shook his head, not able to talk. Wilda, her arms tight around her daughter, cried. Sue was sobbing. McLaughlin stood by for a few minutes, then slowly walked away, back to the truck which had carried him there from the college.

The gathering crowd hung in a quiet circle around the Bebees, self-conscious about watching Al and Wilda's heart-wrenching joy. Women cried. Some fishermen and cowhands had tears in their eyes.

Al carried Kathy into the tent and slid her into a sleeping bag. Her eyes were growing glazed. Still clutching McLaughlin's orange, she looked at her mother and father. "Aren't you glad you found me?"

Al and Wilda smiled and nodded, unable to speak.

"I am too," said Kathy, and fell asleep.

A barbershop customer was complaining about the price of haircuts. "I'm just back from London," he said. "Over there, I was able to get a good haircut for 65¢."

"Yeah," retorted the barber. "But look at the fare."

Journal of the American Medical Association (28 Sept. '57).

Christ Born for the Sacrifice

His Nativity forecast his life and death

CAESAR AUGUSTUS, the master bookkeeper of the world, sat in his Roman palace by the Tiber. Before him was a map. He was about to issue an order for a census of the world, for then all nations were subject to him. There was only one capital in the world, Rome; only one official language, Latin; only one ruler, Caesar. To every outpost, the order went out that everyone was to be enrolled in his own city. At the fringe of the empire, in the little village of Nazareth, soldiers tacked up Caesar's order. Every citizen must register in the town of his family's origin.

Joseph, the builder, descendant of King David, was obliged to register in the city of David, Bethlehem. He and his wife Mary set out from the village of Nazareth, in Galilee. Bethlehem lay about five miles beyond Jerusalem.

Joseph was glad as he entered the city of his family. He was confident he would have no difficulty in finding lodgings for Mary, particularly since she was with child. From house to house Joseph went,



only to find each crowded. He sought in vain for a place where might be born the One to whom heaven and earth belonged.

Up a steep hill Joseph climbed to a faint light swinging on a rope across the doorway, which signified the village inn. There he knocked, above all places else, most hopefully. There was room in that inn for the soldiers of Rome; there was room for the rich merchants of the East; there was room for those who had a tip to give the innkeeper. But there was no room for Him who came to be the Inn of every homeless heart in the world. When history will have recorded the last words in the annals of time, the

saddest line of all will be: "There was no room in the inn."

Out to the hillside, to a stable-cave where shepherds drove their flocks in storms, Joseph and Mary went for shelter. There, in a wind-swept cave, under the floor of the world, Mary, as a flesh-and-blood ciborium, lifted up to the gaze of all the Host of the world. "Behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world." He who was born without a mother in heaven was born without a father on earth.

Of every other child born into the world, friends might say that it resembles its mother. This was the first time that anyone could say that the Mother resembled the Child. Here was the beautiful paradox of the Child who made his Mother; therefore, the Mother was only a child. It was also the first time that anyone could ever think of heaven being anywhere else than "way up there"; Mary now looked down to heaven.

In the filthiest place in the world, a stable, purity was born. He who was to be put to death by men acting as beasts was born among beasts. He who called Himself the "living Bread descended from heaven" was born in Bethlehem, "the house of bread," and laid in a manger, the place of food.

Centuries before, the Jews had worshiped the golden calf and the Greeks the ass. Men bowed down before them as before God. The ox and the ass now made their repara-

tion by bowing down themselves before their God.

There was no room in the inn, but there was room in the stable. The inn is the gathering place of public opinion, the focal point of the world's moods. It is a rendezvous of the worldly, the rallying place of the popular. But the stable is a place of outcasts, the ignored, the forgotten. Of all places in the world where the Son of God might be born, the stable would be the last place we would have looked for Him. *Divinity is always where we least expect to find it.*

Who would expect that He who could make the sun warm the earth would have need of an ox and an ass to warm Him with their breath? Who would imagine that He who could stop the turning of the earth would be subject to an imperial edict of census?

Who would imagine that He who clothed the fields with grass would Himself be naked; that He from whose finger tips tumbled planets and worlds would one day have tiny hands that were not long enough to touch the heads of the cattle; that feet which trod the everlasting hills would one day be too weak to walk; that the eternal Word would be dumb; that Omnipotence would be wrapped in swaddling clothes? No one would ever have suspected that God coming to this earth would be so helpless. But that is precisely why men are likely to miss Him. *Divinity is al-*

ways where we least expect to find it.

The Son of God was forced to enter his own world through a back door. Because He was born in a cave, all who entered had to stoop. To stoop is the mark of humility. The proud refused to stoop, and missed Divinity. Those, however, who bent their ego and entered found they were not in a cave at all, but in a new universe where sat a Babe on his Mother's lap, with the world poised on his fingers.

The manger and the cross thus stand at the two extremities of the Saviour's life: He accepted the manger because there was no room in the inn; He accepted the cross because men said, "We will not have this Man for our king." He was laid in a stranger's stable at the beginning, in a stranger's grave at the end. He was wrapped in swaddling bands in his birthplace, and would be clad in swaddling clothes in his tomb.

Both are symbols of the limitations imposed on his divinity by his taking on a human form.

The shepherds watching their flocks near by were told by the angels: "This is the sign by which you are to know Him; you will find a child still in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."

He was already bearing his cross, the only cross a babe could bear, that of poverty and exile. His sacrificial intent already shone forth in the message the angels were sing-

ing to the hills of Bethlehem: "This day, in the city of David, a Saviour has been born for you, no other than the Lord Christ."

Covetousness was already challenged by poverty; pride was confronted with the humiliation of a stable. The swathing of divine power, which otherwise knows no bounds, is often too great a tax upon minds which think of power only in terms of atomic energy. Such minds cannot grasp the idea of divine condescension, nor of One "rich becoming poor that through his poverty, we might be rich."

Only two classes of people found the Babe: the Shepherds and the Wise Men, the simple and the learned. They are the ones who know they know nothing, or who know they do not know everything. Not even God can tell the proud anything. It takes good will to find God, and this truth the angels proclaimed: "Peace on earth to men that are God's friends."

In his first advent, Christ took the name of Jesus or Saviour; only in his second coming will He take the name of Judge. Jesus was not a name He had before He, as the Son of God, assumed a human nature. Some say, "Jesus taught," as some might say "Plato taught," never once thinking that his Name means a "Saviour from sin." Once He received this name, Calvary became a part of Him. The shadow of the cross that fell on his cradle now fell on his naming.

Christ was not two years of age when King Herod ordered the killing of the male babes of Bethlehem. It was the first attempt on Christ's life. He faced the sword when a Babe, stones when a Man, the cross at his end. Bethlehem is thus the dawn of Calvary. The same law that would wind itself around his Apostles and around his followers for centuries took its first toll in fresh lives snatched from their mothers' arms, an event now commemorated in the Feast of the Holy Innocents. Upside down on a cross for Peter, a push from a steeple for James, a knife for Bartholomew, a cauldron of oil and a long waiting for John, a sword for Paul—and cutthroats for the babes of Bethlehem.

"The world will hate you" is the dark eclipse that hangs over all who are signed with Christ's seal. These Innocents, the babes of Bethlehem, died for the King whom they never knew, at the hands of an earthly king who should have been their friend. Little lambs, they died for the sake of *the* Lamb, the first of the long procession of martyrs, children who never struggled, but were crowned.

The only recorded acts of Christ's childhood are acts of obedience, to his heavenly Father and to his earthly parents. The foundation of obedience to man is obedience to God. Delinquency in the young is the result of delinquency in the parents. The elders who serve not

God find that the young serve them not.

Christ's whole life was submission. He submitted to John's baptism, though He was exempt from it; He submitted to pay the temple tax, though as the Son of the Father He was exempt from the tax; He bade his own people submit to Caesar. In being subject to creatures, though He was God, He prepared Himself for that final obedience: the humiliation of the cross.

For the next 18 years, He who carpentered the universe played the role of a village carpenter, mending flat roofs and fixing the wagons of the farmers. Justin Martyr tells us that in his day, 100 years after Christ's death, there were still implements to be seen which had been made by his hands.

Why this long preparation for such a brief ministry of three years? Perhaps Christ waited until his human nature grew in age to full perfection, that He might then offer the perfect sacrifice.

The farmer waits until the wheat is ripe before cutting it and subjecting it to the mill. So Christ would wait until his human nature had reached its most perfect proportions and its peak of loveliness before surrendering it to the hammer of the crucifiers and the sickle of those who cut down the living Bread of heaven.

The newly born lamb is not offered in sacrifice, nor is the first

blush of the rose cut to pay tribute to a friend. Each thing has its hour of perfection. Since He is the Lamb that sets the hour for the sacrifice, and since He is the Rose that can choose the moment of his cutting, He will wait patiently, humbly, and obediently while He

grows in age and grace and wisdom before God and man.

Then He will say: "This is your hour." Thus the choicest wheat and the reddest wine will be the worthiest elements of Sacrifice: the best this world can give for its consecration and its peace.



ANSWERS TO 'NEW WORDS FOR YOU' (Page 11)

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|---|
| 1. nondescript (non'de-skript) | j) Not written down; not belonging to a particular class or kind; such a person or thing. |
| 2. scriptorium (skrip-to'ri-um) | c) A room in a monastery set apart for writing. |
| 3. ascribe (as-kribe') | d) To assign; "to write toward"; to impute. |
| 4. conscription (kon-skrip'shun) | h) Something drawn up in writing; a compulsory enrollment, especially of men in armed forces. |
| 5. postscript (post'skript) | e) An afterthought added to a completed letter; to "write after." |
| 6. circumscribe (sur-kum-skribe') | a) To draw a line around; to encircle; to limit. |
| 7. proscribe (pro-skribe') | l) To denounce and condemn; to banish; to "write for." |
| 8. inscribe (in-skribe') | g) To write or engrave; to dedicate. |
| 9. subscribe (sub-skribe') | k) To write underneath, as one's name; to attest, promise, or yield; be in favor of. |
| 10. manuscript (man'u-skript) | i) Book or document handwritten or (now) typewritten. |
| 11. rescript (re'skript) | f) An official order or decree; a re-writing or something rewritten. |
| 12. transcribe (tran-skribe') | b) To write or make a copy of; to record for broadcasting. |

All correct: superior; 10 correct: good; 8 correct: fair.

By Ernest B. Furgurson
Condensed from
the Baltimore "Sunday Sun"*

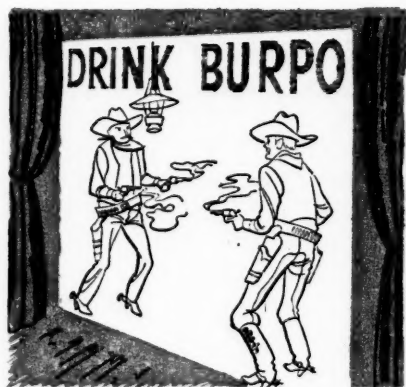
Coming: 'Invisible' Commercials

*A new advertising technique is
the epitome of hidden persuasion*

THE TIME is next month, or next year. The place is your living room. Sunday dinner is over. The man of the house turns on his TV set and settles back to watch his favorite program. Singers, acrobats, athletes, and jugglers flit across the screen. Dad remembers that there is a cold beer in the refrigerator, but he realizes that it's too soon after dinner to have one.

The show's halfway mark passes—significantly without a commercial break. Suddenly, dad begins to feel thirsty. He goes to the kitchen and gets the beer.

Dad has been conned into drinking that beer. Without being aware of it, he has seen perhaps 700 commercials during that hour-long television show. Each lasted less than 1/1,000th of a second, not long enough for him to know he was seeing it, but long enough to make an impression on his brain. The commercials were spaced five seconds apart. They slipped the simple phrase "Drink Cold Foamo" into dad's mind without his knowing it.



Dad was on the receiving end of subliminal projection.

This newest television technique, also used in movie houses, is the epitome of hidden persuasion. It will not limit its targets to adult males who like cold beer. Preschool children will find themselves gradually developing a powerful desire for a popsicle as they watch the afternoon playhouse. Housewives may be induced to vote for a candidate whose name or motto they unconsciously see thousands of times a day during time-out periods from

*Baltimore and Charles Sts., Baltimore 3, Md. Sept. 29, 1957. © 1957 by A. S. Abell Co., and reprinted with permission.

their housework. Neither will know why.

Subliminal projection means inserting an image or idea into a person's mind below the threshold of his awareness. Constant repetition brings the idea to the mind's surface, but the person still doesn't know how he received it.

Psychologists have understood the basic principle for a long time. Its adaptation to commercial use in television and movies was revealed by James Vicary, a 42-year-old New York "motivational researcher."

Mr. Vicary insists that the process is not only an effective kind of advertising, but offers certain advantages to the viewer. It can mean fewer interruptions for sponsor messages and thus more entertainment time, he says.

Mr. Vicary and his associates have applied for a patent on the technique and the equipment with which subliminal messages will be transmitted. They have found themselves in a patent race with a New Orleans firm which has been working on the process for about three years.

Experimental Films, Inc., of New Orleans, began experiments at Loyola university in 1954. That firm was investigating the mental-health and educational possibilities of subliminal projection. Its equipment has been highly refined, and includes apparatus to synchronize subliminal transmission with the sub-

ject's brain waves for higher efficiency.

A. Brown Moore, who heads Experimental Films, credits "invention" of the process to his own associates, Hal Becker, an electrical engineer who is assistant professor of experimental neurology at Tulane, and Dr. Robert E. Corrigan, a psychologist working with the human factors design section of Douglas Aircraft.

The New Orleans firm became interested in the mental-health and educational uses of the process after finding that mental patients and problem students both tend to resist normal therapeutic or teaching methods. They observed that subliminal projection also can bypass much of the normal television or movie viewer's tendency to ignore commercial and political messages.

How likely is commercial use of the subliminal projection technique? Just how efficient is it?

Barring a government ban on its use, some unforeseen technical obstacle, or resistance from advertisers, the television and movie industries or the public, it is almost certain to be used commercially.

Besides seeking a patent for the process and equipment, Mr. Vicary is also trying to devise specific means of regulating its use. He has hired patent lawyers to protect his interests and engaged marketing consultants to determine the potential market. He means business.

Mr. Moore, who says his firm had

no immediate commercial intentions until Mr. Vicary's entry into the field, also means business now. "Our process could be commercialized right now. Our primary work has been in motion pictures, but adaptation to television presents no insurmountable problems. If others are going to try to move in and commercialize it, we have to move, too." Experimental Films has applied for a patent on its method of using the process.

The equipment itself apparently is ready for use. Neither Mr. Vicary nor Mr. Moore will talk about details, but they say that to describe the apparatus as a little box that hitches onto a TV camera or movie projector would not be inaccurate. Mr. Vicary says that his firm intends to extend its subthreshold work into fields other than vision: low-intensity sounds can slip through the ear and into the brain in the same way that high-speed light can enter through the eye.

The attitude of advertising men toward the process varies. H. E. Hidgins, advertising manager of National Brewery in Baltimore, says, "We've all given it a laugh around here. But seriously, it seems to me to be a very sneaky proposition. I don't believe we would use it. I might change my mind later if it's not as bad as it sounds."

Stockton Helffrich, of the National Broadcasting Co., says that the government requires a network to identify product and advertiser

on all shows, but that if the patent-holder agreed to do this, he would consider the possibilities of the process.

Harry Brandt, who heads the Independent Theater Owners association, says he opposes advertising in movie houses, but that if subliminal projection can neither be seen nor heard, he would not rule it out until he knows more about it.

The basic effectiveness of the process is undisputed. But opinions vary on the degree to which it could sway potential customers or voters.

Psychologists are less convinced of its power than its "inventors" seem to be. Dr. Wendell R. Garner, chairman of the psychology department, Johns Hopkins university, thinks that the process will not be much more effective or insidious than the hundreds of billboards that flash along the edge of a motorist's vision. The motorist is not conscious of seeing them, but their simple messages, repeated again and again, are stamped on his brain. When he next buys a given product, he is likely to specify the brand name thus impressed on him.

Dr. Garner says that the power of subliminal suggestion varies with the viewer. For reliable reception of the message by a majority of the audience, he says, it might be necessary to increase frequency of transmission and lengthen each glimpse. But if that is done, the

HIDDEN PERSUADERS

For six weeks last year, unsuspecting patrons of a New Jersey movie theater were subjected to two "invisible" messages which were flashed on the screen once every five seconds. One merely said, "Coca Cola," the other, "Eat Popcorn." Although the movie audience did not consciously see the ads, Coca Cola sales in the theater increased 18% and popcorn consumption went up 57%.

Newsweek (23 Sept. '57).

message is likely to become consciously seen and therefore annoying.

Can subliminal projection convince firm Democrats or Republicans that their political convictions are wrong? Dr. Garner doesn't think so.

However, in "the great area of borderline or unconvinced voters," Mr. Moore of the New Orleans firm thinks that the process probably would get results. When Mr. Moore himself ran for lieutenant governor of Louisiana in 1955 his associates were only half joking when they suggested that he use the technique for his campaign. He did not, because the process was not developed far enough at the time. (He lost.)

Mr. Moore thinks that subliminal projection was used by Chinese communist forces in "brainwashing"

American prisoners in Korea. He points out that the prisoners were shown motion pictures "almost continually" during their imprisonment.

The power of subliminal suggestion has been demonstrated by two New York university professors, who flashed the words *angry* and *happy* upon an expressionless face so quickly that the words could not be seen consciously. Those who viewed the face tended to see it as either angry or happy, depending on which word was superimposed on it at the time. However, the same psychologists point to the possibility that some subliminal viewers might react against an idea or product, rather than for it.

According to Mr. Moore, the viewer's frame of mind will influence his receptivity. Thus, the better movies or television shows would have an advantage.

Whatever the quality of the show, the subliminal commercial message can be no more than "reminder" advertising: a few words reminding people of the goodness of a certain beverage or of the honesty of a political party. Or it might be just the image of a popsicle oozing lusciousness.

Will subliminal projection be a boon, doing away with hard-sell commercials and shouted political station breaks? Or is it an insidious device to slip slick selling slogans or political opinions into unsuspecting minds?

"Frightening" was the word most often uttered when a brief description of the process was read by well-educated persons. "Insidious" was also used. Many were reminded of Big Brother, Newspeak, and the totalitarian state of George Orwell's 1984.

Dr. Garner and some other psychologists maintain that subliminal projection will do neither much harm nor much good. Mr. Vicary says that he does not fear any un-

favorable results if the medium is closely supervised.

Mr. Moore sees it both ways. "Certainly there are many advantages in subliminal projection, just as there are many uses to which atomic energy can be put in peacetime," he says. "But as we must police the use of atomic energy, so we must maintain close supervision over this process. Both atomic energy and subliminal projection can be abused."

IN OUR HOUSE

Barry, aged three, lives next door to our convent. Of course, the Sisters in the convent yard are a great attraction, and often Barry wanders over to talk with us. One day he announced that his mother had gone to the hospital to get him a baby sister.

In due time mama arrived home, and proudly showed the little man his new playmate. Mama was especially happy that it was indeed a baby sister, but Barry eyed her with the utmost disappointment. "Oh, it's only a baby," he remarked without enthusiasm.

His mother was taken aback. "Why, don't you like her, Barry?" she asked.

The little fellow's eyes filled with tears. "But, you promised to bring me a baby Sister," he said dejectedly, looking in the direction of the convent. It was several moments before mother understood.

Sister Mary Virginia.

My next-door neighbor and I had been discussing a new recipe over our coffee cups in my kitchen when Larry, her six-year-old son, burst in the door. He was starting his second week at school.

She asked him how he made out at school that day, since he had no books. The crop of 1st-graders had been larger than expected, and the necessary books had been sold out before Larry was supplied.

"Don't worry about books for me, mother," he said with an air of finality. "I don't like school anyway!"

Mrs. Ruby Bassett.

[For similar true stories—amusing, touching, or inspiring—of incidents that occur in Our House, \$10 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged or returned.]

Carmen and Kay Basilio

The world's new middleweight boxing champion got his start on an onion farm

IN CENTRAL New York state, the best-known automobile license plate is KO-1. Only one person could own that plate: Carmen Basilio, the world's new middleweight boxing champion.

Basilio's life is summed up in those letters. It has been one long knockout over adversity. Not that Carmen is complaining. Today, at 30, he has achieved a dream that first fired his imagination as a youngster. He has tasted the delights of fame. He has made enough money to retire tomorrow. And, most important of all, he is happily married.

Inside the ring, Carmen is a marauding destroyer, without pity or mercy, doggedly bent on cutting down his opponent and seemingly impervious to the battering he himself so often gets while doing it. This is not a description many men would care to own, but then that is the business Carmen is in. Were he not a hungry, steelhearted fighter, Carmen would not be champion.

In private life Carmen is gentle and soft-spoken. This is the man only his close friends and relatives know. Father Tom Riley, assistant



pastor of St. Paul's church, Oswego, N. Y., and Carmen's friend of ten years, says, "There isn't anyone I know who deserves success more. Carmen is as honest and as fine as they come. Everyone who knows him likes and admires him."

Carmen has simple needs. He doesn't drink or smoke. He shies away from the city and from bright lights. His idea of a spree is to take in a movie. He is happiest when training for a fight, playing with kids, or frolicking with his dogs.

He is a tireless visitor of children's hospitals, where he lets the sick youngsters throw punches at his leathery face. As a member of

the Holy Name society and the Knights of Columbus, he often travels hundreds of miles to speak at Communion breakfasts.

Every chance he can get, Carmen hikes off into the hills and woods to hunt grouse, pheasants, deer, and rabbits. His companion on these trips is Father Riley, who uses a fine English setter dog, a gift from Carmen. When the hunting season closes, the pair exchange their guns and dogs for rods and reels, and fish the streams and lakes of central New York.

Carmen is one of ten children, six girls, four boys, of immigrant Italian parents. The family eked out a living growing onions on 21 acres near the little town of Canastota, N.Y., between Syracuse and Utica.

Life was a constant struggle against poverty, an experience which has left its mark on Carmen to this day. Although he is generous with friends and his parents, he has, according to Father Riley, never spent a penny foolishly.

Carmen went to work on his father's farm when he was seven. His first job was carrying water to the others. But as he grew he put his hands to the rough work. In the cold and wet, he planted onions. In the sweltering summer, he weeded them. At harvest time, he worked so swiftly cutting onions that his knife would slip and slash his fingers. They still carry white scars.

Today, Carmen would rather do

ten rounds than eat one onion. Yet onions taught him how to apply himself to hard work, an asset which accounts for much of his ring success.

Carmen's father Joseph introduced him to boxing when he was six. One night he brought home four pairs of gloves, strapped a pair onto each of the four boys, and turned them loose in the living room. After three hours of scraping and tears, they were shoed off to bed.

At 11, Carmen announced his ambition in a school essay. "I want to be a boxing champion when I grow up," he wrote.

Carmen joined the Marines in March, 1945. He was 18. In the Marines, he took his first step in the long, bitter haul that was to lead him to the middleweight crown. He had three amateur fights, and won two of them.

After his discharge, he had 11 more, and won eight. Then, one stifling afternoon in August, 1948, he approached his father in the onion fields and declared, "Pa, I'm through with onions. I'm going to fight as a professional."

His father replied, "And you're going to get plenty of lickings."

"Yeah," snapped Carmen grimly, "and I'll give out plenty, too."

Carmen's first manager let him live rent free in a Syracuse hotel. This arrangement turned out to be the happiest thing that happened to Carmen during their association.

At the hotel, he met an attractive waitress named Catherine (Kay) Simpkins. She was blue-eyed, blonde, and a Catholic. They fell in love and sealed an 18-month courtship with marriage. Carmen paid for the ring by selling his ten-year-old car. They moved into a three-room apartment—and settled down to a life of misfortune.

Carmen had begun like a steam roller as a pro, winning 15 of his first 16 bouts, but he was earning only pennies. A factory job paid him \$55 a week, not nearly enough for rent and food. But Carmen stuck to his boxing. He rose at five o'clock each morning and did his roadwork; evenings, he pounded bags and sparring partners.

Early in 1951, Carmen and Kay were down to their last 39¢. He had broken a hand in a fight. Kay wanted to sell her engagement ring but Carmen wouldn't let her.

Then a snowstorm gripped Syracuse. Carmen, despite his broken hand, joined the snow gangs and shoveled at \$1 an hour for three nights straight.

When Carmen failed to renew his manager's expired contract in 1951, his ring opportunities suddenly dwindled. He was finally offered a semifinal bout, which he won, along with \$500 and two cut eyes. One week later, despite his sore, puffy eyes, he drove to New Orleans for a bout with a \$1200 purse. He lost in ten rounds.

He then signed up with John

DeJohn and Joe Netro, and his luck took an upward swing. He got a main-event match at Syracuse with Chuck Davey. Most pundits said Davey would chop Carmen up. But Carmen won, only to have the result changed to a draw two days later when it was found that the referee had failed to mark his card for two rounds.

He lost a return bout with Davey, but did well enough to earn a match with Billy Graham, one of the best in the welter division. He lost badly, but went on to win his next six fights, three by knockouts.

He met Graham again in the New York state welter championship, battered him about the body for 12 rounds, and won. From his \$11,000 purse, he and Kay bought a seven-room gray clapboard house in Chittenango, N. Y., a little village about 16 miles from Syracuse.

In September, 1953, Carmen finally got a chance at the welter-weight title. He took on Kid Gavilan, the tough Cuban titleholder. A 6-1 underdog, he dropped Gavilan in the 2nd round for a count of nine, but the rugged Cuban climbed back to win a split decision.

Then the big freeze set in. Big-name fighters dodged him like the plague. A state senator threatened to seek the outlawing of boxing if Carmen didn't get another chance at the title.

But it was two years before Carmen got a match with Boston's able, tough Tony DeMarco for the crown.

In a bruising, bloody brawl Carmen knocked DeMarco out in the 12th round. At last he was there. Carmen was king of the welters.

He met DeMarco five months later in an even more grueling battle. For eight rounds, the Bostonian smashed Carmen around the ring. In the 7th, he turned Carmen's legs to rubber and, for the first time in his career, Carmen almost collapsed. He held on bitterly, came out in the 9th, went after DeMarco—and knocked him out again, in the 12th.

His next fight was with Johnny Saxton in Chicago. Saxton held no terrors for Carmen, but he won the decision all the same—one of the worst boxing decisions to come out of the Windy City. Twenty of the 27 ringside reporters called Carmen the winner.

He met Saxton twice more and knocked him out both times to win back and retain the welterweight crown. His middleweight-championship clash with Sugar Ray Robinson last September, which followed, was his 71st fight and his 52nd win.

Carmen is not a stylish fighter, but he is exciting. He is relentlessly aggressive, a savage infighter. No one who saw the fight last September will forget the spectacle of little Carmen, his face battered, his eyes gashed and swollen, and blood streaming down his face, trading explosive punches with the mighty Robinson for 15 endless rounds.

He is a better tactician than most people give him credit for; but the

secret of his success is his doggedness, his dedication to condition (he once traveled 50 miles in a snowstorm to train at a gym), and his wife.

Kay Basilio is a dream wife for a fighter. She goes to Mass with Carmen on the mornings of his fights. They go to church in the afternoon to say the Rosary. A few minutes before Carmen climbs into the ring, they pray together that neither fighter will be hurt.

She sees each of his fights, standing below his corner. After it's over, she is there to prepare the hot bath to keep soreness out, to hold the ice packs to his bruised face.

Some of Carmen's harshest critics are those who, usually anonymously, heap abuse on him for dropping to his knee after each fight and thanking God for his protection. These people say it is a vulgar thing to do. Carmen says, "Without God I can do nothing. I'm not ashamed of my faith in Him, or of my religion. Letters like this don't bother me a bit."

Carmen now seeks a return bout with Robinson. Beyond that he has no plans. He is not yet thinking of retiring. He doesn't know what he will do when he hangs up his gloves.

Two things, however, are sure. First, he'll be in his brother Joe's corner. Joe, 21, has three knockouts in three professional fights to add to the Basilio record. Second, Carmen will be "sitting pretty."

'Rome Eternal' on TV

The film, like its subject, wasn't built in a day

THE FIRST BIG television event of 1958 will be *Rome Eternal*, a four-part film to be shown to a nation-wide audience on the first four Sundays of January over NBC-TV's *Catholic Hour*.

Planning for the film started a year ago in the offices of the National Council of Catholic Men. Martin Work and Richard Walsh, whose project it was, had many problems to consider, but they quickly discovered that their biggest was Rome itself. It was just too great a subject to be contained in only four films. They needed an "angle."

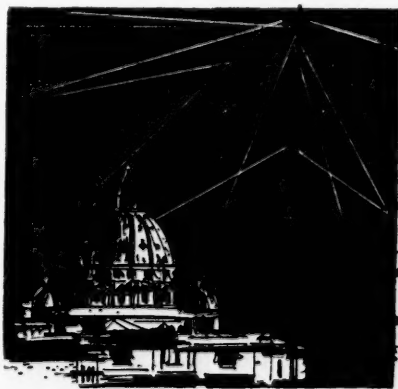
The man who solved this problem was Msgr. John J. Dougherty, of Immaculate Conception seminary at Darlington, N. J. Monsignor Dougherty, who had lived and studied in Rome for nine years, was the American representative on the Pontifical Commission for Radio, Television, and Film.

Rome's monuments were the key, said Monsignor Dougherty. The Roman Forum, the Colosseum, the great triumphal arches of the emperors, the early Christian basilicas, St. Peter's, the other great churches of the city, the Vatican in all its

vastness—these possessed an age-old appeal which never failed to hold the attention of anyone who saw them.

But beyond that, said the monsignor, these glories of archaeology, faith, and art say something very significant about the Catholic Church. They are witnesses to the history of the Church throughout the centuries. They demonstrate the unbroken line of Popes from St. Peter to Pius XII. By tracing the rise of primal Christianity in the midst of the marbled grandeur of pagan Rome, the identity of the early Church could be made plain even to the most casual observer.

A seemly design was emerging,



but it became visible only to raise the next and perhaps the greatest problem. For if Rome is eternal, she is also inexhaustible.

To tell the story of the Church's origin, primacy, and continuity with Rome's profusion of pictorial resources, what to select? And, even harder, what to reject?

Once again, Monsignor Dougherty solved the problem. Let the series consist of four films, each to run half an hour. Let these be devoted to four different segments of history. Let the 1st part deal with what still survives of pagan Rome. This would suggest the city as St. Peter saw it. Let the 2nd take up the Rome of Constantine, St. Jerome, and the great Church Fathers of the 1st millenium. Let the 3rd devote itself to the high Renaissance and the glories of art under the patronage of the Popes; and let the last film of the series show the Church in Rome today.

Script discussions, now becoming increasingly detailed, went forward in the New York office of NCCM. Conferences were held in Washington with representatives of the papal delegate, first, to obtain approval of the project by the Vatican, and second, to enlist cooperation from Vatican officials for filming of scenes in St. Peter's and the Vatican.

Meanwhile, production planning proceeded at NBC. The Rome office, under Mr. Joel Cramer, was alerted to begin arrangements for

arrival of the American crew. The budget was drawn up, redrawn, gazed at, breathed upon, and figured once again, until it seemed familiar, and seeming familiar, seemed plausible. Technical sessions were held with the producing staff and Joe Vadala, the NBC cameraman.

How fast (Vadala would know) was the film called Tri-x? How many cameras would be needed, and were there any in Italy of the type required? Should all equipment be sent from New York? Experts tried to guess how much film could be shot with the Eyemo (hand) camera, and how much with the regular type, mounted on its heavy carriage.

But all such preparations came to their coordinated ends, and in June, 1957, the production crew flew to Italy.

They were home again in late August, bearing the pictorial spoils of Rome. They were all professionals at the business of preparing TV programs. But—so it seemed to those who met them on their return from Rome—these able professionals were all exhilarated by their experience. Though all NCCM representatives were Catholics, not all of the NBC crew were. It made no difference.

Everyone had come away from Rome profoundly affected by the experience of recording, on the very ground of its growth, the flowering of the Holy Roman Apostolic Church. The assignment in Rome

was a religious experience for those who worked on it.

The sense of history made visible at Rome moved the crew members. Nowhere in the world could they have felt so strongly the impact of times past, for nowhere else does the present seem so visibly constructed out of the materials of the past.

In the final, edited form, the four chapters of *Rome Eternal* fulfill richly Monsignor Dougherty's outline. The 1st chapter, "The City of Peter," presents such subjects as the Appian Way; the walls, bridges, and aqueducts of Rome; the Forum and the great monuments of pagan times; the catacombs; and the earliest examples of Christian art. It ends with an exploration of the buried pagan cemetery beneath St. Peter's basilica, where a portion of the original shrine of Peter can still be seen.

The 2nd film, "The City of Faith," carries the story into the time of Constantine the Great, who brought the cross in freedom to Rome. The film touches upon the Bible studies of St. Jerome and the acts of his great contemporaries, Ambrose and Augustine.

Bible studies have never ceased, and the film observes the fact in a survey of modern Biblical scholarship at the monastery of St. Jerome in Rome today. Early church building is shown in exterior and interior photographs of ten of the greatest Roman basilicas. These have never

before been so closely analyzed by the motion-picture camera.

The 3rd chapter, "Renaissance Rome," chronicles the glorious arts of the Renaissance. Here the grace of humanism, under the blessing of the Church, revived from antiquity many arts which ennobled human life, and gave them new service in behalf of religion. The camera visits the antique collections of the Vatican museums, the great rooms decorated by Raphael in the Vatican palace, frescoes of Fra Angelico, and the mighty creations of Michelangelo in the Sistine chapel. It lingers finally on the contained grief of Michelangelo's *Pietà*.

The concluding film, "In Our Moment of Time," is an essay on modern Rome, the work of the Vatican today, and Pope Pius XII. Vatican City is a place of famous views, and the camera travels across some of these: St. Peter's square; the statuary on the facade of the great church; fountains; vistas. We see the Pope's apartments, the Vatican post office, the mosaic factory, the *Osservatore Romano* presses, and some of the national religious colleges in Rome, with emphasis on the North American college.

Finally, we see Pope Pius XII as he appears in St. Peter's in full ceremony. We see him, too, at Castel Gandolfo, and we hear him as he speaks to members of the production crew.

In one further episode, we see Pope Pius XII in a moment of in-

timacy which may not have been recorded before. The sumptuous state entrance is over; the ceremony is done with, though we are still in St. Peter's. The Pope, walking, goes alone among the people in the vast church, and comes to those who are waiting by the confessionals. There he pauses. He speaks to one, then

another, and another. All humanity is his charge; and to each human creature, as he can reach him, the Pope in all simplicity gives himself.

It is Christ's words to Peter which hold the essential message of the four chapters of *Rome Eternal*: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church."

PEOPLE ARE LIKE THAT

During the months I was waiting for our first baby to arrive I made time pass by watching some workmen putting up a house next door to us. When it was finished a young couple moved in; they proved to be enthusiastic gardeners. "I've always wanted a garden," the wife confided to me when I gave her some roots from my own borders. "I mean to have lots of daffodils—they are my favorite flower."

She dug a small plot in front of her kitchen window and lowered each bulb carefully into the ground. Every day I watched her weeding or hoeing or counting the green shoots as they appeared. The yellow buds were just bursting into bloom when I went to the hospital to have the baby.

The baby lived only a few hours. In my sadness at losing him, I forgot everything else, until one day my husband delighted me with a huge bunch of glorious daffodils. To me, they brought a kind of second spring, and a renewal of hope. My neighbor had picked every one of her precious blooms because she thought I needed them more than she.

Mrs. M. Martin.

On a business trip to a near-by town I stopped at a little restaurant for mid-morning coffee. The place was so neat and attractive that I had lunch there, too, and I stopped again when it came time for my afternoon coffee break.

I noticed that each time a different man was running the grill. I wondered how many cooks a restaurant of that size could support, so I asked the waitress about it.

"Bill, the owner, is the regular cook," she explained. "But he's sick, so the men from his parish are taking turns doing his work until he's able to be back on the job."

Clarence Roeser.

[For original accounts of true incidents that illustrate the instinctive goodness of human nature, \$10 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be returned.]



De Valera: Strong Man at 75

Though the revolutionary fires are banked, the patriotic fervor burns as fiercely as ever

EAMON DE VALERA sat across from me in his cold office, huddled in his overcoat. The 75-year-old statesman is once again, for the 8th time, the *Taoiseach*, or prime minister, of the Republic of Ireland. He was speaking strange words for an old rebel.

"I wish to make it quite clear that I am against the attacks now being made and against the use of force," he said, speaking of the new series of raids by the Irish Republican army into the six counties of Northern Ireland, which give allegiance to the British crown.

De Valera, who has governed the republic (called the Free State in its early years) for nearly 20 of the last 25 years, is no longer the firebrand of the past, even though within him the spirit of freedom still burns clear. He is mellowed, nearly blind, far removed from the gaunt, professional soldier with flashing brown eyes and black, unruly hair who emerged as Ireland's national hero out of the Easter Sun-

day fighting on Dublin's O'Connell St. in 1916. He is now venerated for his statesmanship rather than for his inspiration as a gun-carrying leader.

One thing about him hasn't changed, though. He is still disputatious.

In his long career in Irish and world affairs, starting when he was pardoned from a death sentence imposed for his part in the 1916 uprising, de Valera has never been a stickler for consistency. He has often switched from role to role.

In 1924, for instance, he refused to enter the Free State's Dail, or parliament, because he would not take an oath of allegiance to the King of England. Yet two years later he took the oath and became leader of the opposition in the 26-county legislature. Nine years later, in introducing the new Free State constitution, he abolished the oath to the king entirely. But in the same period he sponsored the External Relations act, since revoked, which linked Ireland to the Commonwealth.

Although he is a staunch spokesman for democracy, de Valera ruled with a dictatorial hand during the 2nd World War, when Ireland was neutral. He jailed some of those who disagreed with his policies. To suppress the current activities of the IRA (or what he refers to as "unlawful organizations") he has revived long-dormant powers to arrest and detain without warrant or trial.

He was once president of the Sinn Fein party, the political arm of the outlawed Irish Republican army. In support of its efforts he went to jail 14 times. But de Valera is now that faction's bitterest enemy.

The grand old man of Irish politics is never without a ready explanation for his shifts in course. (Britain's David Lloyd George once remarked, "Dealing with de Valera is like trying to pick up mercury with a fork.")

In justifying the recent revival of dictator-like emergency powers in Eire, he says his government acted only to prevent the likelihood that the republic might become embroiled "not only in war with another country, but in a hateful civil war as well."

"It is a military step, not a political one," he stresses.

During the course of my three-hour private talk with de Valera, I asked him to tell me the difference between the activities of the groups now using extremist methods to end the partition of Ireland and the revolutionary activities which led to

the establishment of the Free State.

"The main difference," he replied in his soft voice, "is that today in the Republic, which covers five-sixths of all Ireland, the people are completely free and it is possible for them to choose their representatives freely. That was not the case 26 years ago. Our present constitution, freely enacted by the people themselves in 1937, gives them the right to decide in final appeal all questions of national policy. There is, therefore, no longer any justification for individual groups to take the law into their own hands.

"Groups not subject to governmental control cannot be permitted to organize and arm themselves for any purpose whatsoever. If one group can do it for one purpose, then another group can do it for a different purpose. Lawful government is set at naught, and the end is anarchy."

Talking with de Valera, you never doubt his immense sincerity and absolute incorruptibility. Even his worst enemy would never charge that de Valera has put personal gain above the cause of the Irish people.

Although it was cold in de Valera's office, there was warmth in his words: warmth for the independence of all the Irish, only this time by peaceful means.

"Make no mistake," he told me emphatically, "I think partition is unjust. It should be ended. But it is necessary for the government to use all available means to prevent the

organization and arming of groups who would take the law into their own hands."

De Valera has more to worry about these days than the revived IRA activities and the partition question, serious as they are. Problems are piling up for Ireland on a score of fronts. Massive unemployment and migration, low production, adverse balances of trade and payments, and falling population forecast increasing crises.

In the republic there are about 100,000 unemployed out of a total population of only 3 million. More than 1,000 persons a week emigrate to new homes and jobs abroad.

The last year for which full figures are available, 1956, is already marked down as one of the darkest, from an economic viewpoint, since the riots of 1921. A standard Irish quip these days is that the old war cry "Erin Go Bragh" (Ireland Forever) is now to be pronounced "Erin Go Broke."

The number of men in farm work, Ireland's basic industry, was 10,000 fewer in 1956 than in 1955. From 1951 to 1955 there was a drop in agricultural employment of 37,000. During that same period, Ireland succeeded in providing new employment in nonagricultural sectors for only 1,000. In 1956, the number employed in manufacturing industries was 7,000 fewer than the year before. The story is the same in practically every field.

"Of these problems, which do

you regard as most serious?" I asked de Valera.

"Emigration," he replied, without hesitation. "It drains the country of the most active producing elements. It leaves us too high a proportion of the old and the very young, who have to be provided for by the efforts of a reduced producing section."

The statistics reveal an even greater tragedy. The majority of those leaving Ireland today are young women between 18 and 30 years of age. They are the girls who should be happily married. Their departure represents the possible loss to Ireland of 40,000 children in one year.

"They should have been our hope and pride," de Valera says. "They should be the guardians of our race."

If the current high rate of emigration continues, Ireland's population will be down to 2.9 million in 1961 and to 2.8 million ten years later.

"There's no physical, geographic, or climatic reason why Ireland shouldn't be able to support—and support well, a population far in excess of these figures," de Valera went on. "Ireland's soil is more fertile than that of most countries. Its climate is more temperate. It breeds a healthy and virile people."

Yet today Ireland barely supports a population of 110 people to a square mile, compared with 714 to the square mile in Belgium and

Holland, 600 in Britain, 342 in Italy, 257 in the six counties of Northern Ireland, and 245 in Denmark.

De Valera and his Fianna Fail (Soldiers of Ireland) party are meeting these and other problems with concrete actions. "The keynote of our policy," de Valera said, "is to build up our manufacturing industries, both for our home needs and to get into the export market. Even if new laws have to be enacted, we will push for the use of national capital to stimulate production."

De Valera's efforts to increase Irish manufacturing and exports, to sell more on the outside than the country buys, are beginning to show results. Such comparative newcomers as chocolates, fruit juices, and glassware have joined the traditional whisky, beef, and mutton on the export list. More than \$1 million in Irish tweeds, woolens, and worsteds were sold to the U.S. alone in 1957.

Another newcomer in the Irish export picture is clothes. Dublin is now one of the world's top fashion centers, thanks largely to such creative couturiers as Sybil Connolly. In industry, newly constructed power plants draw energy from Ireland's plentiful peat bogs, bringing electricity to farm and town alike. Foreign investments are being encouraged, even with rent-free factories.

De Valera is equally determined to modernize and increase Ireland's agricultural production. "By proper treatment of our soil, through the

application of ground limestone and fertilizers and further use of tractors and other machines, we can produce at least 50% more than at present."

De Valera and his party may very well be out of office before major results in industry and agriculture are evident. More immediately apparent is de Valera's effort to increase tourist traffic. Between 50,000 and 55,000 American travelers a year visit Ireland. They spend nearly \$20 million. They are the country's largest source of dollars.

This tourist tide from across the Atlantic has been offset somewhat by a sharp drop in vacation travel from Northern Ireland. Before the new border troubles erupted, a third of the republic's tourist revenue (\$28 million out of \$90 million) came from Northern Ireland.

Another ready step to ease Ireland's economic dilemma would be for the country to discard its traditional neutrality and join NATO (North Atlantic Treaty organization). If Eire were a NATO member, it is argued, the U. S. undoubtedly would build air bases there. Such bases would absorb most of Ireland's unemployed and pour much-needed dollars into the government till.

De Valera refuses to discuss this possibility at all, at least publicly. His past actions in keeping Ireland neutral while two world wars swirled around her shores indicate that he would never support such a proposal.

Everywhere you go in Ireland today, you hear about the dissatisfaction of the nation's youth. It is the young people who are emigrating; it is largely the young people who are carrying violence across the border.

The *Leader*, Ireland's foremost magazine of serious affairs, has taken notice of youth's role in the new uprisings. "The youth of this country see nothing before them to which they can turn their talents," says the *Leader*. "Every career is practically closed for the next lifetime. The youth are intelligent and have nothing to do. Naturally they think there is one thing they could attempt to do, and that is to change Ireland. The big change they have been hearing about since they came to the use of reason is the removal of the border.

"The trouble is that in Ireland the feeling, rightly or wrongly, is growing that intelligence, integrity, and industry don't count. What counts is the influence you can muster, and this will depend on what you or your relatives did in the movement."

De Valera doesn't agree with this point of view at all. "Our young people do not lack confidence in the future of the country," he said. "They started emigrating at the end of the 2nd World War, mainly to England, attracted by the very high wages there. Those who are living in Britain are, in turn, centers of attraction for relatives seeking work.

"I feel that this excessive emigration can be turned with the build-up of our own industry and agriculture."

Although neither de Valera nor his party has made any policy statements on the matter, it is no secret that Dev, as he is popularly called, would like to see Ireland back in the Commonwealth, on a status somewhat like that of Canada.

Such a plan would allow Ireland to keep its independence while at the same time reviving and strengthening traditional economic and social ties with Britain. De Valera told me he thinks that then a solution to the partition question could be found, a solution in accordance with "the principles of national self-determination and fair treatment to all sections of our people."

"I have proposed such a solution," de Valera told me, "and I am prepared to sit down with our fellow countrymen in the Six Counties to consider it or any other practical way that may be proposed."

Many observers think that if Ireland ever returned to the Commonwealth fold, the change would open the door to the removal of economic and trade barriers between the republic and Northern Ireland. A common market would result, wherein all goods produced in Ireland would be exempted from duty between the two countries. This would be the first practical step toward political unification.

De Valera has set a difficult pro-

gram for himself. But from birth de Valera has been a man who upset the probabilities. He was born in New York City, on E. 43rd St., at the present site of the Chrysler building, in 1882. His name is French in form, but his father was pure Spanish.

Eamon (it means Edward) went back to Ireland at the age of two to live with relatives on a farm in County Limerick. He went to college in County Cork, then became a professor of mathematics at Dublin's Blackrock college. When the Easter Week rebellion of 1916 began, he commanded a small company in the underground army. This short-lived military episode made him a national figure. His company was the last to surrender to the British. As he was led off to prison he remarked, "Shoot me if you will, but arrange for my men."

Later, pleading his American citizenship, he was pardoned from a death sentence. He then plunged into politics. From 1932 to 1948 he served as the republic's prime minister. He was out of office for three years, then was re-elected in 1951.

De Valera is a faithful Catholic and a family man. He is the father of seven children. He keeps his personal and private life very much separated. He likes to relax at

home, on the outskirts of Dublin, quietly working out complex mathematical problems or having Irish history read to him.

His eyes are now almost useless, and they water easily. When he travels outside his home or office he is helped by an ever-present attendant. He once rode horseback daily, but has had to give up that recreation.

De Valera's political reputation is as a "strong man." His intimates say, though, that much of this reputation is just a front. His secretary told me, "His toughness is just a mask hiding a shy, reserved nature."

His following in Ireland is strongest among the country folk. That is the principal secret of his continued leadership.

He is stoop-shouldered, sad-faced, monk-like. No one can recall ever having seen him except in his somber black suit, black felt hat, starched, spotless white linen, and glossy black shoes. Everything about him gives the impression of dour, aging asceticism.

But if de Valera is growing old, if his eyesight is nearly gone, his mind is still alert. He is going to need all his alertness, all the skill and wisdom he possesses, to guide Ireland through the troublesome days ahead.

The editor of the London *Times* received a letter, postmarked Edinburgh, which warned, "Gentlemen, if you print any more jokes about stingy Scotsmen, I shall cease borrowing your paper."

Journal of the American Medical Association (28 Sept. '57).

The Scapegoat Theory

Twentieth in a series of articles on the Catholic Digest Survey of the race problem in the U. S.

RACE HATRED is not a simple emotion, even when it burns with the direct intensity of a blowtorch. Resentment against hatred is not a simple emotion either.

Prejudice is an enormously complex thing. Social psychologists who set out to explore the causes and effects of prejudice soon find themselves traversing a strange and frightening terrain, where warped trees put forth bitter fruit. This sad world of prejudice is a place where insecurity breeds pride; where pride breeds unkindness and guilt.

Above all, it is a place where hate breeds self-pitying anger, endlessly, in what Lionel Trilling has called "the great chain of the world's rage."

One of the hardest problems in race relations is breaking the chain of hatred and self-pity. Persons who never have been victims of prejudice have a hard time realizing what a problem its victim faces daily in the sheer preservation of his morale. He finds himself looked down upon, if not actively disliked, not because of something he has done but simply because he exists.

No matter how carefree a disposition he may cultivate, one part of his mind must be ever on sentry duty: insult may lurk just around the corner.

In the face of such pressures, it is only natural that the Negro, like other victims of prejudice, should constantly be tempted to indulge in self-pity. It is, of course, better for him if he can resist the temptation, since succumbing to it means personal stagnation. But resisting it is easier said than done.

He watches his four-year-old child romping gleefully with white youngsters, and wonders when and how her first deep hurt will come. Or he opens a magazine, and finds that an indignant white man has come up with a neat solution to the school-integration problem: "They should find out where the fathers of those colored kids work and get 'em fired. Then, when they move on, get 'em fired from there."

No wonder the social psychologist often encounters among Negroes the "scapegoat theory"; that is, a theory that the Negro is a convenient object on which the majority group can take out its spite.

How widely is the scapegoat theory held in this country? To find out, the research firm of Ben Gaffin & Associates, who conducted the CATHOLIC DIGEST survey of the race question, asked two questions. The first was this: "If there were no Negroes in the U. S., do you suppose the gentiles and the Jews would get along together as well, better, or not so well as they do now?"

Answers show that white people think that if there were no Negroes in the U. S., gentiles and Jews would get along as well as at present. But a majority of Negroes think that Jews would have more difficulty if it were not for the existence of Negroes.

<i>Would get along:</i>	WHITES		NEGROES	
	North	South	North	South
Not so well....	14%	12%	56%	52%
As well.....	47	51	17	17
Better.....	4	8	4	2
No opinion.....	35	29	23	29

The implication is clear: many Negroes think that the hostility and contempt which the Negro encounters flow from a vast reservoir of ill feeling which would not dry up if its major outlet were stopped. It would turn its full flood into the next most convenient outlet, the Jew.

The second question dealt, not with a supposition, but with an impression of past experience: "When we were fighting the Germans and the Japanese, do you think that the Negroes and the whites got along better, not so well, or about the same as they had before?"

<i>They got along:</i>	WHITES		NEGROES	
	North	South	North	South
Better.....	48%	23%	58%	68%
About same....	37	55	26	20
Not so well....	2	9	5	3
No opinion....	13	13	11	9

Notice that majorities of Negroes and almost half of the whites in the North think that Negroes and whites got along better when united against common enemies—that is, when there was smaller need for a domestic scapegoat. But a majority of whites in the South (64%) deny that racial relations improved during the war, even though 68% of Southern Negroes think they did.

How much of the whole staggering load of racial prejudice the scapegoat explanation will bear it is impossible to say. But it will be well for white people to remember the extent to which the theory is held among Negroes, and to reflect on some of the circumstances that give it support. These include: the stark illogicality of racial antagonism as such; the fact that the man who dislikes Negroes often dislikes Jews also, even though he may disclaim prejudice against either; most important, the fact that anti-Negro and anti-Semitic feeling is most easily stirred up in those whose social status has fallen or is falling.

Those who feel most insecure in our society, those who are most apprehensive about the future, are those most likely to look for a scapegoat. They do not realize that the future belongs, as Pope Pius XII once declared, not to those who hate but to those who love.

A Fraud in Need

*The beggar who comes to the rectory
with a tall tale is paying the priests
a great compliment*

ONE MORNING when I returned from early Mass, I found a middle-aged woman waiting in the rectory parlor. She was greatly agitated and had obviously been crying a great deal. It took some effort to calm her.

"Now just try to get hold of yourself, and tell me what the trouble is," I said.

She looked up at me, then down into her lap again, and broke into tearing sobs. I waited. I could say nothing to pierce her sorrow. "My son—" she blurted, then stopped to swallow her pain a few more times. "My son was just killed in an auto accident." I still held my peace.

There could be no patting of a shoulder here; no "Well, well, everything will be all right." You could only sit and suffer with this woman, and your breakfast could go cold, and the sun wasn't expected to shine. No words would take the sting from the death of someone loved and young. Consolation would come, but much later. Now there was room only for the bitter sobs that asked God, "Why, why?"

Then she began to talk, very rap-

idly. (Anyone should have seen that her explanation of her problem tumbled too fast over the feet of grief.) Her son had been killed 500 miles away, and she had to go and claim the body. When she asked for money for the trip, you went to your room and got it. So there went the tickets to that show you wished to see.

But what difference? This was desperate need. When she had left, you slowly drank a cup of coffee and traveled with her a melancholy journey.

And then came lunch and a much belated dawn. You had told



the story, almost all the way through, when a priest who had just arrived from another parish interrupted. "A big, heavy-set woman? Don't go on. I know the rest. His body is 500 miles away and she has to go and claim it. In fact, she has to claim it to the tune of \$60."

He looked at me, a little smile playing around the corner of his mouth. I'd been taken. For a long moment I was really angry; then, all of a sudden, I started to laugh. My vanity had been utterly shattered, but, by heaven, she was good! What a waste! Helen Hayes could really have had a run for her money if this poor woman had ever taken her gifts seriously enough to tackle the stage instead of the rectories.

The last I heard of her, she was still going strong, but had started to concentrate on the freshly ordained. I suppose her audience is wearing thin.

Many excellent things have been said about charity. It is kind; it is not puffed up; it begins at home; it is the hallmark of Christianity; it is the glory of the Church's love. All of them are true. The one thing left out is that it can be comic, too. I'm not talking about real cases of family need, but the needy charlatans who play games with the clergy, games that both parties recognize.

There is not a parish priest living who hasn't had extraordinary experiences with professional beggars. There is hardly a priest alive

THE NEEDY IMPOSTOR

Shut not thy purse-strings
always against painted distress
... When a poor creature (outwardly and visibly such) comes before thee, do not stay to inquire whether the "seven small children," in whose name he implores thy assistance, have a veritable existence or not. Rake not into the bowels of unwellcome truth to save a halfpenny. It is good to believe him. You pay your money to see a comedian feign these things, which, concerning these poor people, thou canst not certainly tell whether they are feigned or not.

From *A Complaint of the Decay of Beggars* by Charles Lamb.

who hasn't alternately become exasperated and then amused at some of their fantastic stories, spun out of soaring fancy and told with amazing insight and pathos.

It is only natural that when priests gather for relaxed conversation they occasionally turn to the new handout tales making the rounds. You'll hear one priest say, with surprise, "Did you meet him, too?" And another will groan, "Oh, no! Not that one! I'd have sworn he was real."

Anyone ordained for even a few days has probably been put to this peculiar test of charity: not the charity of giving, but the charity

of knowing that he has been played for a sucker, and not resenting it; the charity which demands that he smile at himself and his fellow man and never feel that all of them are dishonest.

These hoaxers, these frauds, these small-time confidence people: it is easy to be irritated by them; but they, too, need charity, even if they must lie to get it. If they can be credited with nothing else, surely the richness of their wasted imaginations deserves the small return they usually receive. They only cheat themselves of a greater love which is theirs for the asking.

Most of the stories which make the rounds aren't new. Perhaps, ages ago, St. Peter sat down with St. Paul and laughed heartily at the same ones.

A classmate of mine once told me a real classic. One evening a battered-looking chap, an obvious piece of flotsam from life's stormy seas, came to the rectory. It seemed that he had to get to Albany to see his aged (and, as usual, saintly) mother before she died. Unfortunately, he had been nipping freely, and certainly was in no condition to see any mother, especially his own. But to Albany he must get.

Sometimes life plays strange jests. By chance, Father had just made a trip to the state capital himself. He had expected to go by train, but at the last minute he got a lift. It must have been the hand of providence that made it possible for him to

reach into his pocket and hand this thunderstruck man one unused ticket to Albany. Of course, the poor fellow could always redeem it in cash, but it was an artist's response to artistry to hand him the means to get somewhere he probably had never been and had no intention of going.

After a while you come to sort out the expert maker of tales from the weak amateur. I remember one fellow who had a moving story. He was, he said, an unfortunate priest who had forsaken his work, and was now a derelict trying to right himself; he was trying to get back to his own diocese (naturally, 2,000 miles away). It was soon evident that he had troubles beyond those he mentioned: he didn't know any Latin, couldn't remember his bishop's name, and was more than a little vague as to what seminary he had attended.

The big temptation was to tell him to brush up on his story, but the fact was that he really needed help—not a word of advice, but money, a place to sleep, a meal. It was easy to be kind when you realized his bitter need.

One of the loveliest stories of this type that I have heard came from a very likable elderly gentleman who claimed to be a retired Shakespearean actor. He did speak beautifully. His frayed cuffs were nicely set, and he wore his shabby clothes with all the dignity of a perfect Edwardian. He just wanted to get

to a local monastery which took in the itinerant aged. The trouble was, you could tell he meant to make a pilgrimage to every saloon along the way. He knew he was playing a game, and he knew that you knew it.

What sad, long-silent theaters had echoed to his Hamlet or Caesar? How long ago had this broken soul first demeaned itself to weary buffoonery? What hungry heart had built a dream that time had taken away? The pittance that could be given might go to waste, but only if you thought the *man* a waste. And no man, not even the most self-debasing, is ever really a total failure.

The anthology is endless: the woman about to be evicted from a nonexistent address; the starving man on parole who is tempted to return to robbery; the occasional contemptible ones who use their children as part of the act; the good-natured ones who smile wistfully and ask you to wink at their lies.

They come and go in endless parade, and will probably be at work still when the last great trumpets blow.

They do not know it, but they pay the Church and her clergy a great compliment. Priests may be duped, but they are sought out and duped because of their charity. Each schemer knows that he will not be turned away, because he is one straw in a great haystack of honest needy people. Yet many of the honest ones may in truth be not half so needy as he.

I suppose all priests, being human, get angry sometimes, and I know that all priests laugh. True charity demands a sense of humor, for the foibles of men are lovable only when looked upon as incongruities. I do not wish that the parade would stop, for then something will have gone from the human race. Then even this fleeting contact between the "operator" and the "sucker" will be gone, and both will be poorer.



CONFUSION OF TONGUES

A group of Salt Lake City, Utah, insurance executives, after finishing lunch at a restaurant, hailed a cab to take them back to the office. When they climbed in, one of them sighed wearily, "Well, back to the salt mine!"

As the cab bowled along the streets, the executives became so engrossed in talking over their problems that they didn't look up until the cab stopped—at the entrance to the salt mine at the edge of town.

Will Jones in the *Minneapolis Tribune* (10 Nov. '57).

Judge Creel Tries Something New

*In his Adolescent Court, first offenders
become historians instead of jailbirds*

WHEN 16-YEAR-OLD Carlos was arrested for disorderly conduct in New York City, he was arraigned before Judge J. Randall Creel in Adolescent Court. The Judge looked at the youngster's embittered face, his dark, unhappy eyes, and said, "What's this all about, Carlos? The police tell me you are quite a nuisance, always stirring up trouble."

After some patient probing by Judge Creel, Carlos flashed out, "Everyone is always picking on me because I'm Spanish. People think the Spanish are no good."

The judge stood up and said, "Carlos, you come with me. I want to talk to you." He motioned the boy into his private chambers. For a half hour he told the boy stories. He showed him how the Spanish people had contributed to American life. "Did you know they founded St. Augustine in Florida?" he asked. Carlos admitted that he did not. The judge then ordered him to go to the library, read books on the subject, and write an essay.

Judge Creel assigned Michael

Ahern, a member of the Youth Counsel bureau, to work with Carlos for two months and report back to the court. When the boy appeared before Judge Creel again he was no longer a whipped personality. He stood tall and dignified, his eyes sparkling. "Judge," he said, "I am proud of what the Spanish did for this country. I am proud of my people." Then he read his essay aloud to the court in a clear, steady voice.

An unusual "graduation" ceremony followed. The judge gave a little talk corresponding to the bac-



calaureate sermon. And Carlos and a dozen other boys who had completed a course entitled Operation Birthright and Heritage were given a clean record.

This scene is frequent in Judge Creel's Adolescent Court. No matter what the infraction of the law the boy has committed, the judge finds a way to relate it to his American heritage and to make him conscious of what the offense means in terms of his personal responsibilities. He may assign youthful offenders to report on such historical subjects as the Battle of White Plains, Nathan Hale, General Anthony Wayne, the campaign of 1776, the history of prison ships, the early life of Abraham Lincoln.

Sometimes the "sentence" may be in a more modern key. For instance, when a Negro boy stole a car, the judge ordered him to write on the responsibility of an American Negro in New York City. A Puerto Rican boy who was arrested for petty larceny was ordered to do an essay on the differences between the cultures of Puerto Rico and New York.

Once, two bright high school boys were arrested for peddling without a license during the St. Patrick's day parade. Judge Creel discovered that they liked music. He sentenced them to compose a song about an American hero to the tune of Davy Crockett, and had them sing it in court.

Many critics question this type of treatment, especially in a period

when juvenile delinquency seems to be rising and there is considerable public clamor for even harsher punishment.

Judge Creel observes calmly, "For one thing, not every boy who comes into court gets this kind of treatment. We try to learn why the youngster got into trouble, and to help him rather than to heighten his rebellion against society. Certainly boys need to be disciplined when they break the law, but a jail sentence can be irrevocably blighting.

"Let me make it clear that these are boys who until now have had an absolutely clean record. Through mischief or as an expression of hostility they have tangled with the law. We take the trouble to learn everything we can about the boy. It is only when we are convinced that the prognosis is good that we assign him to work on an essay and parole him to the Youth Counsel bureau for two or three months.

"During that time, the bureau has several sessions with him and his parents to see whether there is any disturbed family relationship which may provoke the rebellious behavior. Communication with an adolescent is a frail thing, and we have to create an atmosphere of trust to get at the root of the misconduct."

In the two years during which this new approach has been tried, at least 50% of the boys have prof-

ited from their lesson and have not been returned to court for further offenses. Judge Creel's accomplishment has brought commendation from many parts of the U.S., and from such countries as Sweden and Germany.

Judge Creel points out that there is a fundamental difference between the serious repetitive delinquent who is in need of a reform school or psychiatric treatment and the boy who has been expressing adolescent exuberance or frustration and now feels contrite.

"You must remember," he says, "that we have more kids in trouble today because we have an increase in our youthful population, and that more young offenders are in court because we have better police methods.

"In the old days a kid could let off steam doing chores at home or on the farm. If he raided the apple orchard or turned over a buggy, we said he was sowing his wild oats and let it go at that. But in our congested society where property is costly, kids find themselves arrested for pranks of that sort.

"Today's teen-agers are bigger and healthier than those of yesterday, and they have fewer acceptable outlets for their energies. The dynamic fellow with a need to prove his manhood is likely to get into mischief.

"The adolescent is rocked by emotional storms. He needs the approval of his family, and if he

doesn't get it, he will seek it desperately from the gang.

"In the old days children spent more time with parents and other relatives. Now we have too many parents away from home, too many busy with other activities. We have also found that few of these kids get any religious training, that many families no longer go to church."

Judge Creel is a tall, handsome, blue-eyed man with a warm personality. He has long been a devoted student of American history.

Nothing pleases him more than to spend his leisure digging into our past. The Battle of Long Island is his favorite historical topic. In this famous battle of the American Revolution, youths of 17 and 18 saved General Washington's army from a big disaster. They fought a bloody rear-guard action against the British while the main body of Washington's troops escaped to fight another day.

Two years ago a rash of subway riots caused considerable damage in New York. Detectives were planted in the subways to arrest the boys responsible. When the culprits were rounded up before Judge Creel one spring day, he was prepared to throw the book at them. He was astonished to find that everyone was on their side: teachers, social workers, parents, and even members of the Youth Counsel bureau. The unanimous opinion was that

these were good boys who never had been in trouble before.

Judge Creel could not dismiss them without making them atone for their offense. He knew that if he shrugged the matter off, the boys would become heroes to their groups. He led them into his private chambers, and thought fast: "If I ever needed help from God," he told me, "it was at that moment. Frankly, I didn't know what to do with them."

He talked to the boys to draw them out. Finding that most of them came from Brooklyn, he asked them what they knew about the Battle of Long Island, which had taken place right on their home territory. The boys knew nothing about it. The judge told the story. His secretary, noticing that the boys were enthralled, moved quietly to his side and whispered, "Why don't you ask them to look into the battle themselves?"

Judge Creel at once saw the answer to his problem. He asked the boys to do some research on the battle and write an essay about it. They were to sum up what the sacrifices of youths like themselves had meant to America.

The boys did a thorough job. They explored the area where the action had taken place; they read musty books in the libraries and at the Historical society; they plotted the troop movements and analyzed General Washington's orders. They even dug up the names

of the boys who had lost their lives in the battle. The members of the Youth Counsel bureau were ready to help the boys with advice and encouragement. When they finally turned in the essays, the district attorney and Judge Creel decided that the three best should be read in court.

Since the boys would have to appear for final sentencing, the judge wondered how to handle them. His own home that week had been a center for youthful parties and other activities in preparation for two graduations, his son's and his daughter's. The excitement gave Judge Creel an idea.

The moment of final sentencing had always been a depressing little scene, where the boys appeared under a cloud of shame. Judge Creel has made it an important event, a turning point in their lives.

Now, the boys enter informally with their parents, each dressed up with a fresh white shirt and tie, with his hair brushed, shoes polished. Each has his essay in hand. The judge enters, impressive in his black robes. The clerk calls up each boy until about two dozen are standing in a semicircle.

A member of the Youth Counsel bureau reports that each youth has made a complete readjustment. Judge Creel then delivers his "baccalaureate sermon." He dwells on the need for moral and ethical standards, and stresses the idea that

each act is followed by a consequence.

When he concludes, the three boys whose essays have been selected are asked to read them to the court. Judge Creel then says that while he does not have beribboned sheepskins to distribute, he has something a great deal better to give the boys: their records as citizens, clean of any mark that might easily have given each of them a criminal record.

He concludes, "I hope that the assignments I have given you have helped you to do a little reflecting. You know more than you did be-

fore about what young men of your age have done, and the courage and sacrifice that helped to make this country great. You won't get into further trouble if you exercise your liberty the right way."

The assistant district attorney rises and moves to dismiss the charges against each of the defendants. Judge Creel grants the motion. The ceremony is over.

The boys file out to greet their parents, their self-respect restored. "And that," says the judge as he watches them, "is the best guarantee that they won't embark on a career of crime."



THE PERFECT ASSIST

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the creator of Sherlock Holmes, had a hearty, virile personality, but he also had a great sense of delicacy where other persons' feelings were involved.

He once paid a visit to George Meredith, the novelist, when Meredith was old and infirm. Meredith suffered from a nervous complaint that caused him to fall occasionally. The two men were walking up a path toward Meredith's summerhouse, Conan Doyle in the lead. He heard the old novelist fall behind him.

Conan Doyle did not turn; he strode on as if he had heard nothing. He had judged correctly from the sound that the fall was a "mere slither" and could not have hurt Meredith. An instant later, Meredith caught up with him.

"He was a fiercely proud old man," Conan Doyle later explained, "and my instincts told me that his humiliation in being helped up would be far greater than any relief I could give him."

Of this perfect assist, which consisted of doing nothing, Christopher Morley has remarked, "I can think of no truer revelation of a gentleman than that." J.C.

[For original reports of strikingly gracious or tactful remarks or actions, we will pay \$25 on publication. In specific cases where we can obtain permission from the publisher to reprint, we will also pay \$25 to readers who submit acceptable anecdotes of this type quoted verbatim from books or magazines. Exact source must be given. Manuscripts cannot be returned.]

Plain Talk Is Good Talk

*You may be 'real amazed' to
learn that 'drive slow' is OK*

BECAUSE ENGLISH is taught in school, many people think that it is like the other subjects they studied, such as arithmetic, geography, or history: a collection of facts which they once knew something about but have since forgotten. They have an uneasy feeling that if only they could recollect and apply certain rules of good English, their speech would be "correct."

This is a mistaken notion. In the first place, you cannot forget the rules of speech and go on talking. You might forget the multiplication tables and still get on in the world. But if you forget significant facts about your native language you become unintelligible. English is one subject that we all know more about at 30 than we did at 20.

In the second place, English does not represent a body of facts in the sense that our other school subjects do. Nothing that can be said about our language is right or wrong in the same way that a statement about geography or chemistry or the answer to a problem in arithmetic is right or wrong. Three times three is



not six, no matter how many children say that it is. But what is true about a language one day may be false the next.

The word *nice*, for example, has meant, at different times, stupid, lascivious, shy. A *talent* was a

Dr. Evans, a professor of English at Northwestern university, is co-author with his sister Cornelia of "A Dictionary of Contemporary American Usage." He is also master of ceremonies for two television programs, "The Last Word" and "Down You Go."

*672 Madison Ave., New York City 22. September, 1957. © 1957 by the Hearst Corp., and reprinted with permission.

weight of silver or gold. *Gossips* were godparents. *Trivial* meant three-road. Words may gather new meanings slowly over the centuries or almost instantaneously, as when in the late spring of 1957 *clean* came suddenly to have the wholly new meaning of "free from strontium."

A language is a man-made convention. Its "correctness" is much closer to that of style and manners than it is to that of logic or the physical sciences. Its rules are made by the people who use it and are different in different places and at different times. When applied to language, the only meaning that *correct* can have is "accepted by the group."

This doesn't mean that anything that anyone happens to say is quite all right. Far from it. The customs and preferences of society may be capricious but they are none the less tyrannical. In the U. S. in 1957, for example, one can no more say "I'll set me down and rest for a spell" than he can wear high button shoes. But fashionable people have done both of these things in the past, and the time may come when again either or both may be acceptable.

In language, as in dress, the things that are not allowed are pretty obvious. Anyone who cares about the impression he makes knows what these things are and avoids them naturally, without giving thought to the matter. What people are really interested in is the dif-

ference between the dowdy and the elegant. And this is much harder to achieve. Fine speech, like fine clothes, fine manners, or fine furniture, is basically a matter of good taste, the sense of what is harmonious or fitting. And that is not acquired out of a book or over a week end.

To have good taste in English, one must know the great variety of forms that are being used by the best speakers and writers. One learns this by paying careful attention to details in the speech or writing of those whose English seems most attractive. Then, knowing what is allowable, one must select the particular forms that are most suited to a particular occasion and to his own personality. The best English is easy, simple, and individualistic within certain bounds set by the entire English-speaking world.

Thousands of books designed to help people improve their English are on the market. But if a book of this kind offers a simple set of rules, the chances are that it will do more harm than good. There is no simple rule about English that does not have so many exceptions that it would be folly to rely on it. For example, one of the best-known rules in English is that a plural subject must have a plural verb. Nevertheless, the following sentence (taken from a description of a painting) is fine English and would not be as good as it is if the rule had been observed and the next to the last

word had been *are* instead of *is*: "The grouping of the horses, and the beauty, correctness and energy of their delineation, is remarkable." Good English can't be learned by applying a set of rules.

Nor can one make poor English better by decorating it. Ornament is a tricky business in any field and requires the utmost skill. If the ornament is tawdry, shopworn, or unsuitable, the result may be disastrous.

The cheapest form of decoration is the unfamiliar word, which the speaker thinks must be elegant merely because it is unfamiliar to him. But since no one can use a word effectively unless he is so familiar with it that he has no awareness of its being strange, the unfamiliarity is the thing that stands out. People who say *luxurious* when they mean *luxuriant* or *fortuitous* when they mean *fortunate* indicate not only that they are ignorant but that they are vain as well. They are ambitious to shine but too lazy to consult a dictionary.

The cliché is another form of bad ornamentation that betrays where it is meant to impress. Many clichés were once original and clever, but repetition by millions of people over hundreds of years has worn all the cleverness away. Whoever first thought of a cucumber as a figure of a particular kind of coolness deserved the applause that his coinage probably received. But those who repeat such a simile, now that

all the life has gone out of it, are doubly foolish. Their very attempts to sound clever show them to be dull.

Our speech is probably more crammed with clichés today than ever before. The torrent of printed and recorded matter that is dumped on us every hour in the newspapers and from radio and television is bound to be stereotyped. All this stuff is prepared in furious haste. There is neither time nor energy for care or thought, and the inevitable result is a huge heap of clichés.

One common form of bad speech is false refinement, a namby-pamby-ness where the situation calls for directness. Euphemism ("speaking fair") is widespread in every language, and is motivated by kindness, decency, or fear. But death is death and "passing away" is affected. The changing of "collector of internal revenue" a few years back to "director" only added a hollow laugh to the inevitable groans. The citizens of Highland Park, Ill., don't find the tickets on their cars any more acceptable because they have been put there by a parking-meter hostess instead of by a cop.

Sometimes, instead of words or phrases, strange grammatical forms are used in the mistaken notion that they add a touch of elegance. Barbarisms of this kind can usually be traced to textbook rules that have been stated too simply or that have been misunderstood. No one who has learned good English by observ-

ing it in use (the only way that good English can be learned) ever falls into this sort of trap.

People who try to speak by the rules are particularly likely to misuse the subjective pronouns *I*, *we*, *he*, *she*, and *they*, as in "Life is hard for a girl like I." A common vulgarism is the substitution of *myself* for *me* in such a sentence as "He gave it to John and myself." It is much safer never to use these pronouns where they sound elegant rather than natural, since the unnatural use of the word is more likely to be vulgar than elegant.

Whom is another dangerous word, especially when it is used in a question. As an interrogative, *whom* has not been natural English for more than 500 years. Of course, anyone who would rather speak like a textbook than like the educated people of his day is free to do so if he can. But the chances are that he won't be able to, and that what he does say will be wrong from every point of view. For example, "Whom do you want to see?" is according to the textbook rules; but "Whom shall I say is calling?" is not. And the person who uses the first sentence is very likely to use the second.

False elegance shows frequently in the confusion between adjectives and adverbs. Many English adverbs end in *ly*, but not all. And there is no surer mark of uneasy ignorance than to stick an *ly* onto the end of an already legitimate adverb.

People who have been terrified into believing that there is something wrong about "drive slow," in spite of the fact that this is what everybody says, are likely to come up with such an oddity as "I spent some time there, but not an awfully lot." This is not good English. It is intimidated English.

Not all words that are used with a peculiar meaning, and not all unfamiliar grammatical forms, are mistaken attempts to be elegant. The word may have a peculiar meaning as a technical term in one of the sciences. And the unfamiliar construction may be the accepted way of speaking somewhere else in the world. For example, the British normally say "give it me" and are likely to consider the American "give it to me" as a would-be elegance. However, "give it to me" is the natural, standard form in the U. S.

In certain sections of the U. S., *real* is used as an adverb only by the illiterate. But in other parts, principally in the South, even a teacher of English might say, "I was real amazed." And the Northerner who condemned the word solely because it is not used in his own locality would be provincial.

Good English is the English that is most effective in a particular time and place, the English that says most precisely just what we want to say, with the proper emotional overtones, and with grace and force and beauty.

The Catholic College

SELECTING the strongest possible team in any sport is never a simple task. It's an assignment that even has Casey Stengel mumbling to himself during the baseball season. He has trouble in picking nine starters from among only 25 players on the Yankee roster.

Infinitely more difficult and more challenging is the job of sorting out the thousand football players at the Catholic colleges and producing the 11 men who will rate that simple but exalted phrase, "These are the best."

Unawed by either difficulty or challenges, the editors of **THE CATHOLIC DIGEST** have decided to name an All-America football team of Catholic-college players. Angels would fear to tread in this direction. So I was asked to rush in. Not being a complete dope, I wasn't going to enter this Never-Never Land alone.

Since 11 men were to be chosen, the help of 11 coaches was sought. At least, this first annual team will be the best coached group in the land, since it offers one to a player. The 11 coaches represent a wide cross section, geographically and otherwise. They are, in alphabetical order:

Dr. Eddie Anderson of Holy Cross, Terry Brennan of Notre Dame, Pete Carlesimo of Scranton, Harry Connolly of Xavier, Johnny Druze of Marquette, Lou Friedrichs of St. Ambrose of Iowa, Wally Fromhart of Detroit, John Galgardi of St. John's of Minnesota, Mike Holovak of Boston College, Bud Kerr of Dayton, and Frank Reagan of Villanova.

Because no football operation can be considered a thorough one unless it uses the services of topflight scouts, advice was also sought from innumerable talent appraisers for professional teams.

My job was one of filtering. The **CATHOLIC DIGEST** team was not chosen on a point basis. Some coaches offered a score of candidates. Some suggested as few as three. Some ignored their own players whom other coaches recommended. Some proposed unsung heroes even to the extent of preferring lesser known players on their squad to better publicized ones. The pro scouts upgraded or downgraded the candidates with cold-blooded impartiality but made no new nominations of their own, satisfied that the lists were at least reasonably complete.

At no position was there unanimity of opinion. One operative even had the coaches unable to agree on



All America

POSITION	PLAYER	COLLEGE	HT.	WT.	CLASS	HOME TOWN
L.E.	Fred Dugan, Dayton		6.2	200	Sr.	Stamford, Conn.
L.T.	Don Luzzi, Villanova		6.0	225	Sr.	New Haven, Conn.
L.G.	Jim Healy, Holy Cross		5.11	210	Jr.	Arlington, Va.
C.	Dick Campbell, Marquette		6.1	213	Sr.	Green Bay, Wis.
R.G.	Emil Karas, Dayton		6.3	216	Jr.	Pittsburgh, Pa.
R.T.	Bronko Nagurski, Notre Dame		6.1	225	Jr.	International Falls, Minn.
R.E.	Clint Westemeyer, St. Ambrose		6.2	207	Sr.	Rock Island, Ill.
Q.B.	Don Allard, Boston College		6.1	185	Jr.	Somerville, Mass.
H.B.	Aubrey Lewis, Notre Dame		6.0	185	Sr.	Montclair, N. J.
H.B.	Alan Miller, Boston College		6.0	188	Jr.	Devon, Conn.
F.B.	Nick Pietrosante, Notre Dame		6.2	210	Jr.	Ansonia, Conn.



Honorable Mentions

ENDS—Dick Berardino, Holy Cross; Dick Chapman, Detroit; John Flanagan, Boston College; John Michalski, St. Ambrose (Iowa); Dick Prendergast, Notre Dame; Dick Royer, Notre Dame; George Sherwood, St. Joseph (Ind.); Dave Stecchi, Holy Cross; Jim Stracka, Marquette; Tony Varrechione, Villanova; Bob Young, Xavier.

TACKLES—Leon Bennett, Boston College; Wally Bavaro, Holy Cross; Bill Craig, Villanova; Joe Gabis, Boston College; John Heller, St. Thomas (Minn.); Don Lawrence, Notre Dame; Joe Moore, Holy Cross; Ed Paulick, St. Vincent (Pa.); Jerry Porter, John Carroll U; Ralph Tite, St. Joseph; Dick White, Detroit; Silas Woods, Marquette.

GUARDS—Jim Bushell, Xavier; Al Ecuyer, Notre Dame; Tom Meehan, Boston College; Ed De Graw, Boston College; Eddie Michaels, Villanova; Bill O'Connell, Marquette; Vince Promuto, Holy Cross; Jim Schaaf, Notre Dame; Bob Timmerman, Laras College (Iowa).

CENTERS—Leo Broadhurst, Scranton; Vince Chaverini, Villanova; Darien Derocher, St. John's (Minn.); Jerry Jurczak, St. Benedict (Kan.); Bill Korutz, Dayton; Roy Owen, St. Ambrose; Bob Scholtz, Notre Dame; Ed Sullivan, Notre Dame.

QUARTERBACKS—Bill Dando, Detroit; Gerry Faust, Dayton; Mark Flynn, St. Benedict; Jim Erazione, Villanova; Tom Greene, Holy Cross; Bob Webb, St. Ambrose; Bob Williams, Notre Dame.

HALFBACKS—Claude Chaney, Dayton; Jim Colclough, Boston College; Bob Defino, Holy Cross; Norm Jarock, St. Norbert (Wis.); Les Klein, St. Joseph; Al Korpak, Detroit; Dick Lynch, Notre Dame; Terry Meyer, Xavier; Jerry Mohlman, St. Benedict; John Potkul, Scranton; Billy Russell, Detroit; Rick Sapienza, Villanova; Bill Van Lanen, St. Norbert; Ed Watkins, St. Vincent.

FULLBACKS—Jack Devereaux, Villanova; Frank Mestnik, Marquette; Larry Plenty, Boston College; Ed Serieka, Xavier; Dick Surrette, Holy Cross.





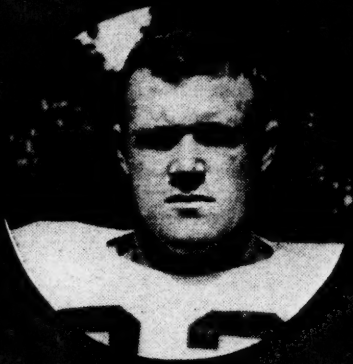
WILLIAM BOSTON CAMPBELL

WILLIAM BOSTON CAMPBELL



DICK CAMPBELL, MARQUETTE

DICK CAMPBELL, MARQUETTE



one elementary fact, the position he played. He was Emil Karas of Dayton, who sounds like a modern-day Bronko Nagurski. The fabled Bronk, you should remember, was picked for some All-America teams as tackle and for others as fullback.

Some coaches saw Karas spear passes as an end and recommended him for that post. Others liked him as an offensive tackle and thought his blocking there rated top rank. But he roamed best as a line-backing guard, where his speed, size, and ability to diagnose plays made him a defensive terror. On this eleven he will be deemed a guard.

The CATHOLIC DIGEST team is a big one. The line weighs in at 214 pounds and the backfield is a robust 192. The surprising thing is that it is not dominated by seniors as is normally the case with an all-star team. There are six juniors and five seniors. Not one sophomore came even close to being chosen.

The selections will have to be accepted on faith because it wouldn't be fair to the coaches to reveal who recommended whom, unless specific permission was granted. The secret ballot enables them to speak freely, sometimes with astonishing candor.

Oh, yes. There was only one ground rule. Any athlete who played for a Catholic college was eligible, regardless of his religion. Catholics at non-Catholic schools were not eligible.

Here's the way the thought processes worked:

ENDS—There was one standout and a slew of well-regarded candidates. The top performer was Fred Dugan of Dayton. He's one of the best pass catchers in the nation, with speed of foot, sureness of hands, and sufficient ruggedness to be a sharp blocker. Nor is that all.

He also was used in a variety of positions on defense, functioning as end, tackle, halfback, and safety man. As the safety, he ran back kicks with drive and éclat. He also handled the punting chores so effectively that his boots averaged better than 40 yards. But the biggest tip-off on his class is that he already has been drafted by the San Francisco Forty-Niners.

Clint Westemeyer of St. Ambrose College of Iowa is a well-equipped running mate. He is a superlative pass receiver, deadly blocker, and savage tackler. More mature than most college men because of army service, he is considered one of the best football players in the Midwest, getting the nod over such good ones as Dick Royer of Notre Dame, Dick Berardino of Holy Cross, George Sherwood of St. Joseph's, Tony Varrechione of Villanova, and Bob Young of Xavier.

TACKLES—The standout is the 225-pound Don Luzzi of Villanova, most highly regarded by the coaches. He's so strong that he's been a defensive bulwark who has so sharpened his blocking that he's become singularly effective on offense. Professional scouts think he is too short at 6 feet to be a pro tackle but they already envision him as a star at guard.

After Luzzi there was no agreement by the coaches. Some liked Bronko Nagurski, Jr., of Notre Dame, Leon Bennett of Boston College, Wally Ba-

varo of Holy Cross, Joe Moore of Holy Cross, and others. Since I have long been an admirer of the original Bronk, I'm picking Junior, an outstanding defensive player. Pro scouts, who are more attracted by offensive play, go for Don Lawrence of Notre Dame over young Bronk. Not me, though.

GUARDS—We start with Emil Karas, the versatile giant from Dayton. His running mate will be Jim Healy of Holy Cross, whom Eddie Anderson, his coach, willingly characterizes as "one of the best guards in the country." Echoes of that statement come even from the Midwest.

There is little dispute for these two posts even though there are many fine guards, including Eddie Michaels of Villanova, Al Ecuyer and Jim Schaaf of Notre Dame, Ed De Graw of Boston College, Jim Bushell of Xavier, and others.

CENTER—This has been a slightly sub-par position, and some coaches failed to recommend any centers. Dick Campbell of Marquette was the one most frequently named. Captain Ed Sullivan of Notre Dame was sidelined so much with injuries that he lost his chance for recognition. Ironically enough, the best center I saw all season was Bob Scholtz, who filled in for Sullivan against Army.

QUARTERBACK—This is a position which automatically makes enemies for any selector. The choice is between Don Allard of Boston College and Bob Williams of Notre Dame. Nor are they too far ahead of such exceptionally clever quarterbacks as the sharpshooting Bob Webb of St. Ambrose, Tom Greene of Holy Cross and Jim Grazione of Villanova. How good is Allard?

Here's a slightly prejudiced witness, his coach, Mike Holovak: "I don't think you can go too highly on this boy. He is the best football player I ever had the pleasure to coach, and each week he does a better job."

A tricky ball handler who can pass, run, punt, tackle, and block, Allard was among the nation's leaders in total offense. The pick is Allard.

HALFBACKS—The one standout is the brittle Aubrey Lewis of Notre Dame. Yet he's so good with his tremendous speed and elusiveness that he can blow any game apart. He was out of action for a month, but returned in time to beat Pitt with a 74-yard romp.

After Lewis, the going gets rough. There are many who are far above average but none is touched with that extra sparkle that spells greatness. Maybe that's why there is so much appeal in Alan Miller of Boston College, a work-horse back who gains his steady four yards a clip, who catches passes, who is stalwart on defense, and who is a sharp blocker.

He edges out Dick Lynch, the solid rock of the Notre Dame backfield; Norm Jarock, a brilliant performer for little St. Norbert's; Al Korpak of Detroit; Rick Sapienza of Villanova; Terry Meyers of Xavier, and others.

FULLBACK—Although there are a number of fine fullbacks, including Jack Devereaux of Villanova, Ed Serieka of Xavier, and Dick Surrette of Holy Cross, the top man unquestionably is the Notre Dame powerhouse, the 210-pound rock crusher, Nick Pietrosante.

That's the CATHOLIC DIGEST team. You may fire when ready, Gridley.

The Problem Drinker

Where is the point of no return?



NINE OUT OF TEN alcoholics are not skid-row drunks, but ordinary persons who turn to drink because of pressing problems—until drink becomes the irrepressible problem.

For many businessmen, "What'll you have to drink?" has become part of the national folkway known as the business lunch. To the "hard sell" and the "soft sell" has been added the "wet sell."

At home, the social drink, once a mark of hospitality, has become almost automatic. "You hardly get into anyone's house before he shoves a drink under your nose," a New York commuter complains. "He doesn't even ask how you are, what you've been doing, or what you think. Just 'What'll you have?'"

Some of the heaviest drinking is being done by youngsters between 18 and 24. Alcoholism now develops between 33 and 40, about five years younger than the danger age ten years ago. Boys and girls are drinking earlier, just as they date earlier and smoke earlier. Among teen-age drinkers, 2% do 25% of all the drinking.

And more women are drinking: female alcoholism is up 52% since 1940. Many women are desperately trying to hide alcoholism in the solitude of suburban homes; others are turning up with it openly in the clinics.

About 75% of the men in the U. S. use alcohol in some degree, as do 56% of the women. This gives the nation a total drinking population of 70 million. The chance of any one of these drinkers actually becoming an alcoholic is about one in 15.

It is that one chance in 15 that has many a tippler worried. Is his social drinking getting out of bounds? Is his business drinking towing him toward the danger point?

Just when does the drinker cross the line? How does he know he's an alcoholic? A World Health organization study says that a person is an alcoholic when "he begins to be concerned about how his activities might interfere with his drink-

ing instead of how his drinking may affect his activities." "Drinking to escape problems created by drinking" is one of many definitions to come out of Yale university's Center of Alcoholic Studies. A practical working definition is the alcoholic's own statement of his plight: "One drink is too many; 20 drinks aren't enough."

No one knows precisely what an alcoholic is. Scientists have called alcoholism a disease for 20 years, yet have come up with no standard set of symptoms, no known cause, no specific treatment. Nor can they pick out the likely victim in advance; his susceptibility is a secret between him and the bottle.

Prof. Raymond G. McCarthy, of the Yale center, says, "There's no such thing as an alcoholic personality anyway." He explains, "Oh, the alcoholic usually has certain characteristics, such as anxiety, tension states, restlessness, irritability. But other people have these same characteristics and don't drink. Of course, they may relieve their tensions in other ways, perhaps in overeating, auto racing or driving themselves hard at their businesses. But they don't overdrink."

Edwin H. Sutherland, of Indiana university, conducted a survey of 37 attempts by other researchers to isolate the "alcoholic personality." He found that the alcoholic could be the sad type of person, but also the happy type, an introvert or an extrovert. He could be any person-

ality type except possibly the ideal type, the totally mature person.

The only thing that can be said for sure is, "once an alcoholic, always an alcoholic." This doesn't mean that the alcoholic always will drink. Perhaps he can become a total abstainer; but a controlled drinker, never. If a heavy drinker becomes a controlled drinker, he was not an alcoholic in the first place.

But what difference does it make what your personality type is? If you are doing certain things and feeling certain feelings, you are on the road to alcoholism. This knowledge can save you. There is a point of return, just as there is a point of no return. Alcoholism takes anywhere from seven to 17 years to develop fully. The process has four typical phases.

1. Drinking becomes more than a social pastime. The person finds a psychological relief in drinking and begins to seek out this relief. Drink offers a means of ducking life's basic tensions. One can return from this phase.

2. Two symptoms appear. One is the "blackout"; the drinker discovers vast gaps in his memory. The second is the alcoholic hangover. This differs from the hangover of ordinary overdrinking; it is psychological, characterized by remorse for having "done it again." One still can return.

3. The change-over from social drinking to solitary drinking comes subtly. It often begins with the

"morning drink." Solitary drinking leads to hiding liquor: a bottle in the bottom drawer of the desk, bottles in the bookshelves at home. Life becomes alcohol-centered. A chain reaction has begun. One drink starts the person off on a drinking bout. He may stop for days, even weeks, but one drink makes him powerless to resist others. There is no return.

4. The individual drinks to live. He has surrendered himself to alcohol. Characteristics of this phase are loss of friends through obnoxious behavior, grotesque lying to cover up drinking sprees, irresponsible borrowing, and drifting into lower and lower social circles. The job goes, ambition goes; often, wife and children go. This is the end of the journey. The person, as far as science knows today, is an alcoholic for life. He never again can use liquor moderately. His one chance is complete abstinence. But it is doubtful whether he ever can achieve it. This is the plight of some 4½ million alcoholics in the U. S. today.

But what about the heavy drinkers who are not alcoholics? Will their social and business drinking drag them into alcoholism?

The answer from science is a somewhat qualified No. Fourteen out of 15 persons who drink run no risk of alcoholism. As the scientists put it, they are not "predisposed" to the affliction. They may drink a great deal, but they do not

use liquor as an escape. Therefore, they never come to depend upon it.

A New York doctor, not quite convinced that alcohol is not a habit-forming drug, went to a secluded cabin in the woods and drank for a month. Then he came home, and with scientific detachment set out to determine whether saturating his system with alcohol had created a physical dependence upon the drug. The finding: he never wanted to look at a drop of liquor for the rest of his life!

How can you tell if you're in danger of alcoholism? The National Council on Alcoholism has a simple but effective test. For three months, *at least*, determine never to exceed a certain number of drinks. The number should be not more than three. Make absolutely no exceptions, or you fail the test.

Scientists have been seeking a solution to the problem of alcoholism for 20 years. For a time it was thought that alcohol acted differently on alcoholics and on normal individuals. Perhaps the alcoholic's body chemistry was different. But studies showed that the alcoholic's rate of alcohol absorption was the same as other people's. Nor was there any evidence that alcohol, once absorbed, caused any chemical reaction in the alcoholic that it didn't cause in anyone else.

Another theory was that alcoholism was caused by failure of of either the adrenal or pituitary

glands to function properly. So cortisone and ACTH were used to bolster the sagging gland function, and some enthusiastic observers predicted that alcoholism would soon be a thing of the past. But which came first, the glandular insufficiency or the alcoholism? Today, hormone therapy may be used in combination with other measures, but the theory itself is dead.

The alcoholic starves himself by drinking his meals. Alcohol is rich in calories; his hunger is appeased, though he is starving for vitamins. So one treatment is vitamin injections.

Some scientists even argued that a "constitutional nutritional deficiency" caused alcoholism. The individual was born with a biochemical constitution that forced him to crave alcohol.

Investigators worked with rats, breeding them until they produced the constitutional nutritional deficiency they were after. Such a generation of rats, according to the theory, should be alcoholics.

They offered the rats two troughs to drink from. One contained alcohol; the other, water. The rats preferred the alcohol. The test seemed to have clinched the theory.

But in another laboratory, investigators duplicated the experiment. Here, the rats were offered three troughs to drink from. One contained water, one alcohol, and the third trough was filled with a sugar solution. The rats shunned

both the water and the alcohol. They drank the sugar solution.

"They're after calories," one of the researchers commented. "If they preferred alcohol to water it was because of the caloric content. Now they take the sugar solution because it has even more calories."

Then two Copenhagen scientists developed a chemical compound that could make drinking horrendously unpleasant. They called it "Antabuse," a combination of *anti* and *abuse*. It would, indeed, hurl considerable abuse upon the drinker. Antabuse has been widely used in the U. S., first as a "wonder drug," now merely as a tool that may be helpful in some cases.

Psychotherapy is of doubtful value. Psychiatric treatment usually fails because it concentrates on the patient's emotional past instead of his drinking present. The alcoholic simply commutes between couch and bar.

More recently, the tranquilizers have been enjoying a boom. But from the Yale center comes this comment on such tranquilizers as mephenesin, chlorpromazine, reserpine, meprobamate, and others: "Because they relieve tension, induce sleep, and may abort delirium tremens, the new relaxant drugs constitute extremely valuable tools That they constitute a major contribution to the comprehensive treatment of alcoholism hasn't yet been determined."

No matter what treatment is

used, *some* patients get well. Is that because the alcoholic, when he submits to treatment, has already won half the battle?

No one knows. Science may yet come up with a magic pill. Perhaps it never will. Alcoholism may simply be a basic problem of living, such as family quarreling, uncontrollable temper, indolence, and neurotic ambition.

The goal must be to keep the alcoholic from taking the first drink. This is the one positive conclusion produced by 20 years of theorizing and experimenting.

And so, in the end, the patient often finds help in Alcoholics Anonymous. When he gets there, he finds a group of fellow sufferers dedicated to a single purpose: to stop drinking.

Why, in the 23 years since its founding, has AA, a voluntary group of 200,000 laymen, emerged as the most effective approach to alcoholism?

You have to attend a few meetings to see why. You have to see the conviction in the faces of men and women who have recognized "a Power greater than ourselves." You have to share, even as a guest

and an outsider, the passionate desire of alcoholics to help other alcoholics, and to get well in the process.

There is acceptance and belonging. On the outside the alcoholic may have been hounded and stigmatized because of his drinking. In AA it is a mark of eligibility. Sinners all, as all humanity, and no one is holier than thou.

There is rebirth. AA calls it "spiritual awakening." And there is love. AA calls it fellowship. But when two or three AA's go out at two in the morning to help a fellow member who has "slipped," to stay with him all night, and all next day if need be; to nurse him, clean him, feed him: that is love. "Love one another." Why? Because love is the best medicine, for the giver as well as the receiver.

AA doesn't always succeed. But it has enabled thousands of alcoholics to live without liquor. It has not added chemicals to their bodies or punctured them with needles. It has, by some mysterious rekindling of the inner spark of life itself, enabled them to get through 24 hours at a time without drinking. And that is sufficient—for any day.



CONTAGION

A couple finally realized a life ambition by spending their vacation in Europe. Upon their return, they were interviewed by a local reporter.

"And did you see much poverty abroad?" he inquired.

"See it!" snorted the husband. "Why, I brought some of it back with me."

Mrs. E. Marsciolok.

You Are Your Child's Best Teacher

*He wants his answers here and
now—not tomorrow in school*

A CHILD'S EDUCATION does not begin at six and end at 18; it begins at the age of a very few minutes and goes on for life. It does not pause for recess or lunch period or with the last bell. It is not limited to classrooms, playgrounds or field trips, but covers the child's whole world.

Not every parent realizes these truths. Sadly, neither does every teacher. For instance, a 4th-grade teacher recently complained to me about one of her pupils who, having learned about the 2nd World War from his father, was spraying her with a series of difficult questions.

"Why do parents insist on teaching kids at home?" she asked. "Why can't they leave it to the schools?"

Parents can't, of course, because children won't let them. They are hungry to know, and they want to know right now. And learning at home cannot be divorced from learning at school. The whole quality of a child's formal education

may depend on the effectiveness of his informal education.

What are your responsibilities as a parent-teacher? Here are some of them.

Try to be interested in what your child tells you. Listen to his observations, ask him questions, try to spark his interest in other directions from the original subject.

Answer his questions—all his questions, even the most thorny. Don't dodge. If you don't know,



say so, but try to help him find out. If you do know, tell him simply and directly, without burying him under confusing grown-up facts. And don't say, "Ask your teacher tomorrow." He wants to know now, and his interest may flag before tomorrow.

Don't mislead him. Don't give him cute fantasies ("The moon is made of green cheese") when he wants facts.

Try to be a good learner yourself. If you like to read, the chances are that your child will like to read—provided, of course, you don't push him in a way that makes reading drudgery.

Take him places where he will learn things. Elaborate trips are unnecessary. Here in New Haven, slum clearance and construction are teaching children the background lessons to physics, geometry, economics, sociology, and a host of other subjects.

Work with his teacher. Before you attempt "formal" teaching, consult her, to avoid working in opposite directions. She can tell you how to help your child, and her. If your child needs homework help, for instance, she should know. It may be that the problem can be cleared up in class with a little explanation.

These are generalities, applicable to all the years of childhood. Each parent will have to tailor them to his child's (and his own) age and temperament. During the preschool

years, you determine the child's world, and thus are at your most influential.

Educational games have been a great boon to us at the Child Study center. So can they be to you, provided you remember that the game comes first and that the education follows from it. If you overstress the teaching element, you can wind up with neither education nor game.

One such activity is picture lotto, which involves matching pictures, numbers, and words. A three-year-old who can match the pictures is doing remarkably well. At the same time, he is absorbing the numbers and words; later, he will be able to match by number and still later by word.

If you use such a game at home, he will have learned all this naturally, in a situation that almost all children enjoy: playing games with their parents.

Simple puzzles have a similar value. Fitting the pieces together, the child learns to look for clues, a technique he will need in arithmetic, reading, understanding. Blocks, cups, toys that fit together show him that there is an order in things.

He will like books with large pictures that tell the story and have a minimum of text. But gradually he learns the words, too; and more important, he learns that there is sense to print, that it is broken up into words, that it always reads from left to right and top to bottom,

that it has a beginning and an end. Lack of understanding at this very point underlies many reading problems.

The actual teaching of reading and writing is the teacher's job, but you can help the child get ready. Some time when he tells you a story write it down for him. Then read it back to him. Probably he will want you to read it again and again. Or write letters for him, at his dictation. The written word and its relation to the spoken word ("Is that what I said?") fascinates children as young as four.

Some parents teach children to write their names, and this certainly won't hurt them. But let your child suggest it; keep it his idea, not yours. Then pencil his name out for him, and let him try to copy it. In time he will do it alone.

Much of your teaching will be offhand, unplanned, undirected. This is true of language, for the words you use will be the words he uses, and peculiarly true of arithmetic. When he learns *bigger* and *smaller*, and "How many brothers and sisters have I?" and "How old am I?" he is getting arithmetic lessons.

Does this mean that a parent must be a teacher all day, in addition to everything else? No. If it comes to a choice between burning the dinner and listening to Johnny talk, by all means save the dinner. But be sure to tell him, "I'm busy cooking dinner now, but I want

you to tell me about it afterwards. Don't forget." And don't you forget.

Above all, you are not trying to teach him a body of knowledge but to pass along an attitude of interest, motivation, and desire to learn that will stand him in better stead than facts. But you can't separate the two. Often you must feed him knowledge to encourage the interest.

A few teachers will disagree with my thesis that parents play a major role in education. To these few, parents are a necessary evil. They think that parents should limit themselves to teaching good behavior, and leave subject matter to the schools. But any good, realistic teacher knows that parents sometimes must teach subject matter just as schools often must teach behavior.

And a good teacher will help you solve the knotty problems that crop up in your home teaching. A handful of PTA's now are sponsoring parents' classes which tell parents how to supplement school lessons, oversee homework, and answer questions. The classes spell out the school's approach to learning and try to help the parent work in tandem.

This is the thing that more PTA's should be doing, and for which more parents should campaign. Both parents and teachers need to realize that school and home are part of the same world. In making his way through this world, a child needs help from both sides.

My 16 Hours a Day

All nature unites to make life interesting in the Philippines; missionaries are never bored

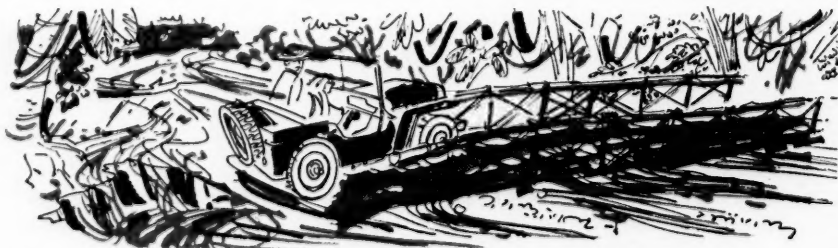
LIFE IS LIVELY in the Philippines, especially for missionaries like me. Nature alone provides me with plenty of challenges: torrential rains, floods, earthquakes. The exigencies of administration increase my labors. And the cupidity of men, and their bitterness, obstinacy, and ignorance test my powers of physical endurance, my patience, diplomacy, and sense of humor. But, let me hasten to add, satisfactions outweigh hardships.

A while back, a slice was cut from my Mt. Carmel parish and made into a new parish. This left me with only the territory of the Talisayan municipality. The division did not include an increase

in personnel; rather, my assistant, Father Godofredo Alingal, S.J., was transferred to Bukidnon.

Now my territory runs about ten miles along the seashore and nearly 20 miles back into the mountainous interior. It has a population of 22,000, about 95% of whom are Catholics, most of them only nominal. According to the statisticians, the ideal proportion of priests to people is one to every 1,000. Thus there ought to be 22 priests in this parish.

I am not doing the work of 22 men. Rather, the work of 21 priests is being neglected. But I do my best; I celebrate three Masses on Sundays and two on one week day each week, which is the limit that



*Talisayan, Misamis Oriental, Philippines, and 3355 N.E. Davis, Portland 15, Ore. Nos. 53 and 56. © 1957, and reprinted with permission.

the archbishop can authorize. Thus, I cover all the outposts nearly once a month, and the central church is without Mass only once a week, which is not bad.

I contend that it is impossible for a man to overwork, because of natural physical limitations. He just gets sick and has to stop working. My physical limit is 16 hours a day, seven days a week. If I try to exceed that, I find myself in bed with influenza. Like a year ago. I had only occasional enforced spells out of bed. People don't automatically stop dying or marrying, or coming for Baptism, Confession, Mass and Communion, just because the priest is sick.

Practically everybody in town got their throats blessed on St. Blaise day, except me, and I got a cough. (I must look up the books and see if I can bless my own throat.)

I mentioned nature. Last February we had about the wettest dry season I ever heard of. The town was under water. The Talisayan river rose ten feet to a level two feet above the bridge. Surprisingly, the bridge didn't wash away, though the bank was undermined. I had to go to a barrio for Mass, and was first over the bridge when the flood subsided. I ran the jeep fast over the weakened approach, and just as the rear wheels ran safely onto the wooden planking the bank collapsed. Two more seconds, and the jeep would have been in a hole as big as a bomb crater.

I had to face up to another storm on Trinity Sunday. My regular Sunday schedule hardly leaves me time to take a deep breath, so I accept it only with a groan when I find a barrio fiesta falling on a Sunday. The patroness of Sibantang is Our Lady of Perpetual Help, and I tried to talk the people into celebrating on Monday, explaining that our Lady's feast couldn't fall on Trinity Sunday, anyway. They were adamant.

I couldn't go to the barrio on Sunday morning, there being the little difficulty about being in two places at one time. As the crow flies, Sibantang is not far from Talisayan, only about five miles; But I never heard of a crow so dumb as to fly five miles in the heat of the midday tropical sun. Besides, much of the distance is perpendicular. This barrio is halfway up the Bala-tokan mountains, well over 1,000 feet above sea level, so it's like climbing a flight of stairs five miles long, except that nobody would build stairs as steep as this mountain trail is in places.

The fiesta was well attended. Just to show that there are no limitations on pigheadedness, I preached on the Blessed Trinity, explaining sweetly that the day was *not* the feast of Our Lady of Perpetual Help.

During Mass, a terrific electrical storm broke loose, and since a pavilion-type chapel is no protection, everybody and everything got

drenched. Umbrellas went up all over the chapel, and two men held umbrellas over the altar, but it was useless.

As any experienced missionary can tell you, when caught by a strong wind while saying Mass in an exposed place, the trick is to put the paten upside down over the sacred Host. But that trick couldn't be used this time, because the altar cloths, corporal, everything, was getting soaked, so I put the large Host in the ciborium with the small Hosts. Keeping the wet missal pages from being ripped to pieces also involved a few other actions not contained in the official rubrics. By the time Mass was over, so was the storm.

By the time I was ready to return home it was very dark, and I was happy that I hadn't come by horseback. The last time that I did, half-way up every particularly steep slope the little Mexican pony would stop, panting. And that horse was an ingrate. At the top, I let him graze at the end of a long tether; he got tangled up in the rope, and started to neigh and scream in fright. After I got him untangled, he deliberately turned around and let fly with both hind hooves, missing my chin by inches.

This time, my boy companion and I used flashlights on the muddy trail, but the batteries went dead, and we had to depend on lightning flashes. Toward the bottom, we noticed that it had not rained in the

lowlands. The storm center, realizing the omission, sent out a cloud from its flank to cover the missed area, so we got wet all over again. It was bedtime when we arrived home. For insomnia, I prescribe a hike up and down a mountain, beginning at noon and ending at bedtime.

I said the cupidity of men is one of my problems. Here is an example of it, and of how I faced it.

One day I went to Cagayan, about 60 miles, to get new license tags for the jeep, and to renew my driver's license. I also brought back forms for another kind of license.

This municipality is charging exorbitant (and illegal) fees for marriage licenses, although the law provides for free licenses for the poor. Without avail, I had been pestering the municipal registrar to get some of the required forms. Many couples live together "without benefit of clergy" since they cannot pay the high fees, and I am forbidden by the civil law to marry them without a civil license. So I did the municipal authorities an unwanted favor.

The provincial official in Cagayan in charge of supplies is a friend of mine, and he gladly gave me a supply of forms. He said he had never received requisitions from any municipality. So Talisayan became the only one in this province which has the necessary papers for giving free marriage licenses because the parish priest decided that there are

times when one should *not* mind his own business. Our municipal officials were too amused to be displeased. Now a couple can get married in this town even if they have no money.

Money, however, may not be the only obstacle to sacramental marriage. Take the woman who refused to be married, by my predecessor here, to her fourth man. She had been validly married to three successive husbands, all of whom died. So she decided not to take any chances on marrying her fourth man. He lived longer than any of the legitimate husbands, proof enough for her that getting married validly is risky.

It is often the illogical argument that convinces. Once a woman wished to borrow the parish jeep for a reason that would set a bad precedent, and I was hard pressed for a way to refuse without offending her. Finally, I explained that the jeep is for the priest somewhat like a man's wife. Where a man goes, his wife also goes. When the priest has to go somewhere, naturally the jeep has to go with him since it is his means of transportation. And just as a man can't lend his wife to others, neither can the priest lend his jeep. That did it. That, she agreed, was very reasonable. She could see now that it would not be right for me to lend her the jeep.

Another woman applied similar logic in the case of a Baptism. She

didn't bring her baby to be baptized until it was four years old. Her *non sequitur*: her previous child was baptized in proper time, and subsequently died.

Speaking of Baptisms, I often get them in batches. Eleven one morning. Another time, 49. But these are convenient numbers, because the Holy See has granted a privilege whereby, if more than ten persons are to be baptized at one time most of the ceremonies may be performed once only for the entire group. Excepted are the parts which by their nature require individual application, such as the anointings and the pouring of the water.

The 49 Baptisms took place at a fiesta at Santa Ines. The fact that so many were baptized at one time was not something to be particularly happy about. Although the practice is decreasing as people become better instructed, there are still too many parents who wait a long time before having the baby baptized. At Santa Ines it meant that at least some of the parents saved up their babies for the fiesta; for I visit the barrio at least once a month, and perform Baptisms at every visit.

The waiting until fiesta is to take advantage of the chance to ring in plenty of sponsors. A child's godparents are expected to give him gifts every birthday. Sometimes there will be as many as ten sponsors (I once had a case of 20). Politicians like to be sponsors be-

cause this establishes a bond with prospective supporters (*compadres*). Of course, there are really only two canonical sponsors.

Priests keep telling the "honorary sponsors" that they don't count, that they are actually only witnesses. But popular practices are not to be discouraged that easily. Every one of those honorary sponsors also cheerfully contributes to the Church, so there is at least one aspect of this popular tradition about which the priest, too, is not exactly unhappy.

Speaking of benefactors, sometimes I am asked what I need for my personal use, and I never can think of anything. Just now, I thought of something: socks! I usually wear them until you can't tell which is supposed to be the open end. Hence, those heavy knitted work socks which wear forever are preferred. Color? White, to match our tropical clothing, but any color would do. My size is 10½, which is the chief reason why I have difficulty getting socks. Filipinos have much smaller feet than Americans, and there are exactly two Americans in Talisayan, so the local stores don't stock our sizes.

I relate all the foregoing simply to illustrate some of the facts of life that confront a foreign missionary. Many of the tribulations are not really such; for instance, I am blessed with an efficient digestive system, so I am rarely hungry at supper time. This puts me on the

same economic level as many of my parishioners, who cannot afford more than one full meal a day.

And as I said, I have my compensations. Last April, I went to Cebu for my retreat, taking a small boat from Balingoan. The trip out was rough, and many of the passengers were seasick. By staying in a horizontal position I managed to keep my last meal in its proper place.

That meal, by the way, was a banquet in Balingoan, on account of which I delayed the boat departure an hour. The banquet was prepared by the people of Balingoan to celebrate the inauguration of Father Shea as the pastor of their new parish. As ex-pastor, I was invited, but declined because I feared I would miss the boat. However, the lady in charge practically kidnaped me. To make sure that the boat wouldn't leave without me, she prevailed upon the captain to attend the banquet, too. Never underestimate the power of a woman!

I returned on the same boat, named the *Lim Tiang Teng*, after the Chinese who owns it. The management was kind; didn't take my fare on either trip. I had to pay only for meals and the use of a cot, which are purveyed by a concessionaire. The cots are lined up on the deck, edge to edge, so you must be careful not to fling your arm out in your sleep lest you slap your neighbor in the face.

On one side of me was an elderly gentleman who began to snore as soon as his head hit the pillow. On the other side was a girl about 18 years old, in charge of four small children. The parents were somewhere else on the boat, and didn't pay much attention to the children; they seemed to entrust them entirely to their big sister. Apparently a pious family, for the girl fished out a well-worn novena pamphlet and rosary from her sundry bags and parcels, and said her prayers quite oblivious to the confusion on the crowded deck. It was edifying to see how many people, squatting on their cots, said their Rosary.

A simple people may take many services for granted. But at times their gratitude exceeds the favor. I am afraid that some people think I drove an evil spirit out of a girl. This 15-year-old, in apparently normal health, suddenly stopped talking. The doctor said he found no sickness in her.

The local witch doctor (who is also skilled in herbology) was called in; he said that his herbs could not cure this sickness because it was caused by an evil spirit. A neighbor then came for the priest.

I suspected that the girl might

have suffered a brain or spinal injury which the doctor would not, of course, be able to detect without special equipment. But there had been no occurrence to support that explanation. Since the girl was not in danger of death, I could not give her Extreme Unction, but I did say over her the opening prayers of the sacrament.

Then I sent the people out of the room because I intended to let the girl make her Confession by nodding in answer to questions. But she answered me vocally. In fact, she recited her prayers in a perfectly normal manner.

I called the mother, and told her not to worry. On the way home I happened to meet the doctor, who was not surprised. He explained that the girl had merely suffered a fright: hysteria.

But it is difficult to explain hysteria to unlettered people, and they are convinced, I fear, that the girl was under the spell of an evil spirit and that I broke the spell. I broke the spell all right, not by magic but certainly with supernatural assistance. It was in answer to prayer, no doubt, that something I said or did gave her the confidence necessary for her cure.



UNKNOWN QUANTITY

Mother had recently given birth to a new baby boy, and six-year-old Leo was visiting at the hospital. "And how do you like your new little brother?" one of the nurses asked him.

"I can't say," Leo replied seriously. "I don't know him very well yet."

Frances Benson.

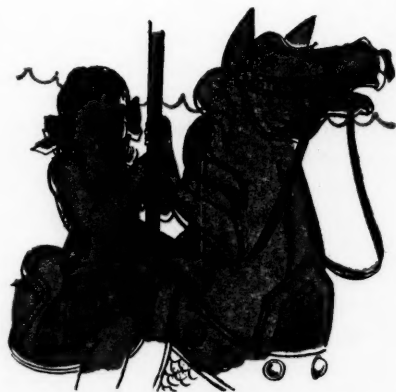
The Magic Merry-Go-Round

*It has been streamlined,
but its fascination endures*

OF ALL THE WAYS that man has devised for going around and around (and enjoying himself in the process) none has ever matched, in appeal, that of the old-fashioned carrousel or merry-go-round. Other outdoor amusement rides, in carnivals and parks, offer more violently physical experiences, but they lack the peculiar magic of the carrousel.

About 3,000 carrousels are whirling around in various parts of the country. They are almost all spinning counterclockwise; for some reason, merry-go-rounds seldom spin clockwise. They range from small toys to the 55-year-old, 150-passenger *El Dorado* at Steeplechase park on Coney island, New York. The *El Dorado*, with its 24 galloping horses, 12 pigs, six chariots, and 1,500 flashing lights, is a museum piece valued at \$250,000.

Origin of the merry-go-round goes back to the 12th century, when Arab horsemen played a game in which they threw clay balls at each other. Spaniards and Italians became acquainted with the game during the Crusades, and



brought it back, somewhat altered, to their own countries. They called it *carrosello* (little war). A version of the pastime became a great favorite at the French court at the beginning of the 17th century. It was called *carrousel*, and developed into a lavish but bloodless sport calling for superb displays of horsemanship in which joustiers tried to catch wooden rings on their lances.

One of the greatest carrousel games was held in 1662 by Louis XIV in Paris for entertainment of his lady friend, Louise de la Valiere. Hundreds of knights rode

*535 5th Ave., New York City 17. September, 1957. © 1957 by Hillman Periodicals, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

around a Paris square (to this day called Place du Carrousel) in precise formation.

A Parisian toymaker decided to duplicate the spectacle, in miniature, for children. He modeled horses, cats, and dogs from wood, nailed them in a circle around a crude axle, and set the display in motion. This may well have been the first carrousel.

From this toy, larger models were made, with horses big enough for children to sit on, and sticks with which riders could spear brass rings fixed on the perimeter of the circle. In Italy, itinerant showmen added hand-organ music. Carrouseles, complete with German-band organs, soon were popping up over western Europe and in England, where they were called roundabouts. In other places, they have been known as the hobby horses, flying jennies, go-rounds, jumping horses, riding galleries, Kelly goats, and the flying Dutchman.

German immigrants brought them to this country. The first American merry-go-round was operated in the early 1800's by a settler named Michael Dentzel, a German wheelwright. It consisted of little more than a huge wagon wheel rotating horizontally around an upright pole. Crude though it was, it convinced Dentzel's son George that here was a ride with a future. He set about making his own; and the first American-built merry-go-round was completed in 1867.

Dentzel installed his device on Smith's Island, an amusement park on the Delaware river. It boasted 24 imaginatively carved horses. It had no engine, though, and George had to push it around himself. He soon became winded enough, and affluent enough, to acquire a real live horse to propel his wooden chargers and their riders.

Horse or mule-powered merry-go-rounds continued for years after steam power came into use. As late as 1912, the carrousel in New York's Central park was driven by a mule. The animal, hitched to the carrousel's center pole, traveled a counterclockwise course in a basement directly under the wooden horses. The merry-go-round operator would give stop-and-go instructions to a boy handling the mule by tapping signals with a cane. New York children loved to lie flat on the outside walk and watch the mule through the small basement windows.

Along with steam came the callopie, and the cymbals, drums, and triangles that bashed, boomed, and tinkled with it.

Around the close of the 19th century, carnivals got under way on a large scale in America. Naturally, no carnival was complete without a merry-go-round. Many companies plunged into the dizzying business of making them, and some are still at it.

In North Tonawanda, midway between Buffalo and Niagara Falls, the Allan Herschell Co. turns out

most of the carrousel produced in the U. S., as well as many other amusement rides.

Allan Herschell is a grand name in carnival business. Under one corporate name or another, Allan Herschell in its 77 years of operation has built, carved, painted, and harnessed an army of horses that Napoleon would have envied: probably 150,000 in all. Lyndon Wilson, president of Allan Herschell, estimates that at least 1,000 of the company's merry-go-rounds are spinning in this country and elsewhere, including India, where a rajah once bought one for his own and his wives' private amusement.

Merry-go-round operators once could take in as much as \$1,000 a day, and rides then were a nickel. One of the most enterprising was J. D. Gwin, of Rolling Prairie, Ind. Gwin took two steam-driven carrousel to Tahiti. He fired his merry-go-round boiler furnaces with coconut hulls.

He made so much money that he almost had to hire wheelbarrows to cart it on shipboard when he finally left the island. His successor made a fortune, too, and built a four-story hotel as a monument to the noble enterprise.

Half a century ago, people would mortgage or sell their homes to buy and operate merry-go-rounds. Indeed, many of the old ones running today have been passed from father to son, generation after generation. Some of the machines are irreplace-

able because of high modern production costs and decline in number of old-time craftsmen who can duplicate their elaborate ornamentation.

"The merry-go-round business is changing, all right," says Wilson. "Our most popular model comes with 30 aluminum horses, all jumping, three abreast, and two chariots, and it costs around \$16,500.

"In the old days, the three-abreast model came with 25 wooden horses, two zebras, two dogs, two roosters, two pigs, one lovers' tub, one rocking chariot, one stationary chariot, and a 41-piece military-band organ with two barrels playing eight tunes each. It cost about \$9,000; if it could be made today it would cost at least \$40,000."

Lovers' tubs, similar to those found in tunnels of love, were on the inside of the ride, revolving opposite to the horses; they were highly popular. Allan Herschell once built a merry-go-round consisting entirely of lovers' tubs. It was a complete failure: without horses you simply don't have a merry-go-round. The brass rings that you could once spear as you whirled around have also disappeared.

Band organs have long been out of production, and operators find it almost impossible to find men who can maintain existing instruments. (The band organ of the famous Friedsam Memorial carrousel, a German machine, in New York's Central park was thoroughly over-

hauled not long ago, though, and promises to hold out for many years.) Now Allan Herschell equips its merry-go-rounds with what it calls a Merri-Org, a phonograph with loud-speaker, that plays recordings of band-organ music.

The grand old tunes are still there: *Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean*; *The Royal Trumpeteers*; *Blaze Away*; *Poet and Peasant Overture*; *Through the Line*; *Fidelity*, and the moving *Electric Current* (march). It is a stirring experience to visit the Allan Herschell factory and hear the reverberations of *Just Before the Battle*, *Mother* while you drink in the riotous color of the horse-painting shop filled with its hundreds of fantastically hued steeds; all frozen in their wild, prancing postures, with flaring nostrils, glaring eyes, and dripping tongues.

Fine engineering goes into a merry-go-round. "We have to build our portable units so that they can be put together and taken down in a few hours," Mr. Wilson points out. "We maintain a safety factor of eight to one: every part is eight and sometimes 15 times stronger than it has to be. We have developed other ways, too, of insuring against accidents—almost unheard of nowadays."

A few of the old-time craftsmen are still with Allan Herschell—proud, skilled wood carvers, carpenters, and painters. Some of the men have spent half a century at

the satisfying task of producing horses. Patience, sureness, and a fine sense of concentration are essential for this work. Nobody could properly paint a horse without having his heart in his work; it takes artistry to achieve the unique combination of calmness and fieriness that distinguishes an authentic merry-go-round horse.

Craftsmen are sadly diminishing with time. The industry has had to make concessions to a streamlined age. High costs and scarcity of labor have made it impractical for Allan Herschell to keep on turning out hand-carved wooden horses. Nowadays, the horses are cast in aluminum, which is then painted in the traditional way. The horses are weatherproof, but they just don't quite look or feel like their predecessors.

The hand-carved horse has become something of a collector's item. A fine specimen may be valued as high as \$500. Cafe owners try to get them to decorate bars, and stores use them for displays.

People often write to Allan Herschell asking if there are any old wooden horses for sale. The company can only reply that there aren't enough wooden horses to go around any more. But although the old horses, lovers' tubs, and band organs are becoming rarities in amusement places, the free spirit of the true merry-go-round still flies exhilaratingly on and on—counter-clockwise of course.

Brainstorm Your Problems

It's fun when groups pool their ideas

A RADICALLY NEW supply ship is plying the Pacific. It is the U.S.S. *Castor*. It takes the place of two other ships, at an estimated saving of \$3 million a year. The design for the *Castor* was conceived through numerous sessions of "brainstorming" by naval-design experts.

Columbia university has announced a radically new curriculum for its School of Pharmacy. The new plan, spark-plugged by Leo Roon, was arrived at through brainstorming. According to Roon, the result is "a major contribution to the health of the American people and to the profession of pharmacy."

In both cases the ideas were produced by experts. On the other hand, a New Jersey group, people like you, thought up ways to cut \$115,000 off the \$815,000 price tag on a proposed new school, without cutting quality of education or building materials. Then they thought up 156 ways to get out the vote for a bond issue for the school, and won 2 to 1.

People like you, in Wisconsin, thought up 20 new traffic-safety ideas which are being incorporated in the state's program.

People like you, in Buffalo, thought up 125 new ways to combat



juvenile delinquency by making hoodlumism unattractive to teenagers.

How do they do it? How can you profitably tackle problems that bother your clubs, church groups, businesses, families? The answer

Mr. Osborn is vice chairman of the board of the advertising firm of Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn. He is author of "Applied Imagination," now used in more than 1,000 courses in creative thinking, and is president of the Creative Education foundation, 1614 Rand Bldg., Buffalo 3, N.Y.

is simple and basic: learn to use a gift you were born with, your creative imagination.

Creative thinking is being used today in business and government to attack problems that range from finding new names for lipsticks to uncovering more satisfactory ways to use the skills of persons past retirement age. Creative thinking is being taught in more than 300 colleges and universities to help students learn to make better use of their imaginations.

What creative thinking does is to let loose our imaginative power, that boundless source of original ideas which so often plays second fiddle today to judgment.

Of course, both judgment and imagination are vital, and no serious creative thinker wishes to throw judgment out the window. But we do have a problem in even getting imagination's foot into the doorway. As a president of the American Psychological association put it, the cultivation of creativity has been "appallingly neglected."

Dr. Albert Einstein held that "imagination is more important than knowledge." Neglect on a national scale of our natural resource of imagination might cost our country more than neglect of coal or oil. An Air Force educator recently told a meeting of 500 executives that "tomorrow's Air Force officers will have to be the most creative officers in the world; our lives depend on it."

Ways to promote creativity in business, government, the armed forces, are being developed by leadership personnel. Colleges are conducting more and more courses in creative thinking.

But what is the best way for you to put your imagination to work? You must first realize that you *can* think creatively. Second, start right *now* to do so. It does not matter how old you are, whether you are man or woman, what you do for a living or what your IQ may or may not be.

Brainstorming is done by a group; and it's done to solve a particular problem: by *storming* it with your brains, commando fashion. The principles that underlie brainstorming are the same which make for success in individual "imagineering."

Say you live on a fairly quiet residential street with nice neighbors, growing children, friendly dogs. The one flaw in the over-all picture is traffic. Strangers speed down your street.

That's your problem. A group of perhaps four couples decides to do something about it.

Now imagine that you have heard about brainstorming. Your six friends arrive at the house, and have a cup of coffee. You get to know each other in a sociable way, not talking about speeding or about brainstorming. Then you put aside the coffee cups, and you mention that brainstorming is just one part

of creative thinking and that certain steps must be followed, not necessarily in a set order. These steps are as follows.

Orientation. Are you working on the right problem? You say you have trouble with speeders. Are you sure you aren't looking for ways to keep your children off the street instead? Do you want answers to "speeding" as such, or just speeding as it endangers people on your street?

Preparation. This calls for getting together all the facts that apply. The eight of you would tell the leader all you know about this specific problem, and then try to think of what else you know about similar situations.

Analysis. This means breaking down the relevant material. For example, you must screen out those parts of the problem which require *judicial* thinking. This particular problem, you see, is not one of whether reckless drivers are good or bad. And it is not one of whether they harm property values.

Ideation. Here is where you really let yourself go in thinking up possible solutions to the problem. This is the brainstorm stage of the process, where the real fun begins. The leader presents the four basic rules. And they are always stated at the start of each brainstorm session.

1. Criticism is ruled out. Adverse judgment of ideas must be held until later. Don't mock an idea during

the session. Nothing dries up ideas faster than someone saying, "That won't work" or "How silly can you get?" Many leaders give a signal when someone criticizes in this way. And occasionally a person is left out of future sessions when he shows he just can't stop throwing cold water on the other fellow's ideas.

2. Free wheeling is welcomed. The wilder the idea, the better. It is easier to tame down an idea than to think one up. What seems far-fetched at first may be the idea that leads to the final solution.

3. Quantity is wanted. The greater the number of ideas, the greater the chance of having a winner. This has been proved mathematically. It is proved anew at almost every brainstorm session.

4. Combination and improvement are sought. Besides contributing their own ideas, members of the group should suggest how ideas mentioned by others can be turned into better ideas, or how two or more ideas can be combined into still another idea.

After laying down the rules, the leader states the problem as it finally has been narrowed down. Listen in on a hypothetical brainstorm.

Leader: "We've pinpointed our problem: How can we eliminate reckless driving on Highland Ave.? Who's got an idea?"

Mrs. A.: "Block off the street until the children are in bed."

Mr. C.: "Get more police protection."

Mrs. C.: "Hire a private policeman." (Note: This is a hitchhike on the preceding idea. Good!)

Mr. A.: "Hire a fireman with a powerful hose to squirt water through the windows of speeding cars."

Mrs. D.: "You can't have a fireman standing around all day waiting for a possible speeder!" (Note: Mrs. D. is *judging*. Ring the bell on her!)

Mr. B.: "Make Highland Ave. an old-fashioned corduroy or washboard road. Or put in 'thank-you-ma'ams' to shake speeders up."

Mrs. A.: "Put mothers on chairs in the street, arranged so you can't get by them unless you drive slowly."

Mr. D.: "Get an electric eye that triggers a camera to take pictures of speeders' license plates."

Mr. B.: "Mail the pictures to the police."

Mrs. B.: "Let the electric eye trigger a machine gun!"

Mr. A.: "Let drivers know why we object to speeding."

Mrs. C.: "Put up a sign."

Mr. C.: "Put up a sign that says: '100 children play in this street—20 is plenty!'" (Note: This is a combination of preceding ideas. It also is the method which was used by a group of parents on the real Highland Ave. in Buffalo. The sign was put up at each end of the block. It worked.)

A session like this could go on for sometime. Then, maybe, things

would quiet down and ideas would come more slowly. This is where the leader can get the meeting moving again by asking idea-spurring questions like these: "What about publicity? How about timing? Community support in the rest of the city? Changing the shape of the street? How about lighting?"

The leader must keep gentle pressure on the group; must keep the group on the subject. In this case, for example, how easy it would be to wander off into discussions of whether cars are being made too powerful or whether teenagers should drive. Both are good questions. But they won't help find the answer to this specific speeding problem.

The leader must also strive to worm ideas out of persons who are not speaking up. Mrs. D. spoke only once—to make an adverse criticism. She will probably do better next time, especially when she realizes that the thoughts she had but didn't voice might have been every bit as helpful as many of the others.

The leaders must not forget to end the session. Usually, not much more comes after the first 30 minutes.

Now comes the follow-up, just as important as all that went before. Don't skip these steps.

Incubation. Ease up on the conscious effort, but let your subconscious keep working on the problem. Write down ideas that

come to you after the session is over. Put a sign on the bathroom mirror when you go to bed to remind you to think of the problem the first thing in the morning.

Synthesis. Put the pieces together. It helps if the secretary can send a list of the brainstorm ideas (plus the ones that came during incubation) to each participant. Each person can see how things seem to shape up, and can get the long view.

Verification. Screen your lists, and meet again to judge the results. The best way to verify an idea is to put it into use. That sign on the real Highland Ave., for example, worked so well that it is still there, repainted and revised for accuracy each year as the child population increases.

Doesn't all this suggest a way that you and your groups can solve

problems, have fun, and grow mentally, all at the same time?

People like you have used brainstorming to plan unforgettable farewell parties for friends, to help children find new and exciting ways to spend rainy days, to make marriages happier and home life more meaningful. They have found ways to increase the giving of church congregations, and ways to make community charity drives more successful. They have found ways to get out the vote, and ways to increase the number of companies supporting private and parochial educational institutions.

All these people have found ways, as Father Keller of the Christophers put it in his TV presentation of this subject, to better their living through "making better use of the creative powers that God gave them."



Clocks arguing across a street.

James P. Joyce

Streets swollen shut with the crowds.

Dion Henderson

He proposed a well-buttered toast.

Kathleen M. Campbell

A great sanctuary lamp of a moon hung over the forest. *Mary C. Dorsey*

Parishioners who refused to come up front unless carried by pall bearers.

Marck R. Bernier

Her train of thought made too many local stops. *Kathleen M. Campbell*

Service while you wait is what the other fellow is getting. *Ernest Blevins*

[You are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. Contributions from similar departments in other magazines will not be accepted. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

Jude and His Epistle

*The one short letter we have from
St. Jude is enough to show us
that he was a great Apostle*



PERHAPS NO WRITER of the New Testament is so little known as St. Jude. Like his brother James, he wrote only one inspired epistle, and St. Jude's is one of the shortest of the epistles. All the writing we have from this great Apostle can easily be read in five minutes.

But sometimes we can learn a great deal about a person if we have only one of his letters. There is enough in Jude's letter to suggest a few important things about his life. St. Jude calls himself "the servant of Jesus Christ, and the brother of James." His brother was James the Less, bishop of Jerusalem and the first Apostle to be martyred.

Both James and Jude were relatives of our Lord as well as chosen Apostles. When Christ returned to his home town, Nazareth, and began preaching there, one of the questions the Nazarenes asked was, "Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary, the brother of James, Joseph, Jude, and Simon?"

From this question, which Mat-

thew and Mark record for us, we know that James and Jude were both well known at Nazareth. In fact, they probably lived there; an early tradition says that they did.

St. Jude, therefore, was well known to our Lord long before Christ began his public ministry. St. Jude calls himself "a servant" and not a "relative" of our Lord. Many commentators have attributed this way of designating himself to his humility. It seems to indicate that Jude regarded his call to serve Christ as even more important than his blood relationship to Him.

Of course, St. Jude was not our Lord's brother, but only a cousin. The Greek word which he uses for "brother" is not to be taken literally. The persons who insist that he was a brother do so largely because they deny Mary's perpetual virginity.

St. Luke identifies St. Jude as "Jude of James." That is to say, "Jude, the brother of James." Per-

*Prepared especially for THE CATHOLIC DIGEST by the Paulist Writers' Bureau.

haps St. Luke used that name to distinguish Jude from Judas Iscariot, for Jude's name in Greek was Judas.

St. Matthew, who lived at least three full years with St. Jude, calls him by his other name, Thaddeus, but some manuscripts show even a third name, Lebbaeus.

At any rate, St. Jerome identifies Jude and describes his epistle: "Jude, the brother of James, left a small epistle, which is one of the seven Catholic epistles, and because he cites the book of Henoch, which is apocryphal, many reject it. However, it deserves authority by its use and age, and may be listed among the sacred writings."

Like all of the Apostles, except possibly the Iscariot, St. Jude must have had many qualities which pleased our Lord. We do not have to read far into his epistle to find them. An opening phrase of his letter is enough to reveal a spirit of generosity and gentleness. "Mercy and peace and charity be given to you in abundance," he says to his readers. This blessing is all the more impressive because it occurs in a letter written to correct abuses, to warn against false teachers and those giving bad example.

St. Jude is also very practical. He gives the Christian community clear advice: "But as for you, beloved, be mindful of the words that have been spoken beforehand by the Apostles of our Lord Jesus Christ." He shows them that only the Apostles ought to be heard, a

warning that was extremely important in the early apostolic period. During that time it was easy for a person to set himself up as a private and authoritative teacher.

Many scholars think that Jude's epistle was addressed to the community in and around Jerusalem. The local bishop and Apostle there, James, had already been martyred. St. Peter was soon to be martyred in Rome, and Jude himself was nearly 70 years of age.

Jude packs a remarkable amount of wisdom into a letter that today would fill about two typewritten pages. The best way that good Christians can spot false teachers, he advises, is to ask these questions: Do these teachers go so far as to "deny Jesus as our one Lord and Master"? "Do they defile the flesh"? . . . "disregard authority"? . . . or "deride majesty"? Do they, further, "go about whispering and complaining," or are their mouths "ready with fine phrases, to flatter the great when it serves their ends"? If so, they are not of the flock of Christ, St. Jude warns.

However, he does not want the Christian community to think that this warning is just *his* warning. They must know that all of the Apostles predicted these false prophets. St. Jude was merely echoing Christ's own warning, "Beware of false prophets, who come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly are ravening wolves." He himself had heard Christ say, "If anyone enter

[the sheepfold] by Me he shall be safe," and "He who hears you, hears Me."

He tells his readers to pray and continue praying to the Holy Spirit, and to remember that as good Christians they are loved by God the Father. If they continue praying in the Holy Spirit and holding fast to the faith which is given through Jesus Christ and the Apostles, they can expect God's mercy.

As an Apostle, St. Jude was also a bishop. To forget him in his role of bishop would be to misunderstand what little we know about his life. What we have seen of his epistle shows that he did fulfill the episcopal role. In this one letter he teaches, rules, and sanctifies his people, and does so authoritatively. The author of this epistle is the same man who received Christ's command to go and teach all nations, to bind and loose on earth.

It is not certain just where St. Jude did exercise his apostolic powers. The Roman Breviary says that he evangelized Mesopotamia and Persia. Only one small fact is known about his family. Between 81 and 96 A.D., two of his descendants were sought out during Domitian's persecution. Eusebius, the early Church historian, tells us that their names were Zocer and James (not Jude's brother), and that they were persecuted precisely because they belonged to the family of Christ.

From this one epistle it is hard

to determine what St. Jude's literary ability was. If we had more of his writings we might find evidence of extraordinary powers of description. Jude describes heretics as "clouds without water, carried about by the winds; trees in the fall, unfruitful, twice dead, uprooted; wild waves of the sea, foaming up their shame; wandering stars, for whom the storm of darkness has been reserved forever."

St. Peter, in the second chapter of his second epistle, uses to advantage many of St. Jude's descriptive phrases. It is not unlikely, scholars point out, that St. Peter was familiar with St. Jude's epistle. Many of the same phrases appear in both epistles.

St. Jude's ideas come out with force and energy, and he has some of St. Peter's aggressiveness and emotion. He did not use the language as a real Greek would have used it, however. Greek was not St. Jude's native tongue. Like our Lord, he spoke Aramaic.

Today there is a popular devotion to St. Jude. Many pray to him as the patron of hopeless causes.

An early Christian writer, Origen, tells us that St. Jude is a valuable patron. Origen also gives us an excellent thumbnail sketch of St. Jude the writer. "And Jude wrote an epistle of a few verses," says Origen, "which was full of efficacious words of heavenly grace, and he said in the beginning: 'Jude, the servant of Jesus Christ.'"

Friends of Felons

'I was in prison and you visited Me' describes the activities of the John Howard association

A YOUNG INMATE of Joliet penitentiary went berserk one night. He kept hammering the bars with his fists, screaming at the top of his voice, "I've got to get out of here!"

Guards took him to the prison hospital, and the matter might have ended there but for his cellmate, who went to the warden. "Fred's half crazy with worry," the man explained. "A month ago his wife wrote him that she was very sick. He hasn't heard another word since about her or his two kids. What can he do?"

Fred himself was helpless to aid his family. But the John Howard association could and did. A case worker visited Fred's family at their little Chicago flat. He found Fred's wife Edna trying to care for the two small children as best she could. A doctor had advised her to go to the hospital. "But who will care for my children?" she sobbed.

"Let me do the worrying," the JHA man told her. Through a welfare agency, he arranged for the children to live in a temporary foster home at city expense. Fred's

wife was taken to the county hospital. The doctors predicted that she would soon be well again.

"When I got in touch with Fred," the case worker adds, "I brought a letter from his wife telling him what had been done. He wept with relief."

The John Howard association, named after the man who reformed English prisons during the 18th century, has been helping friendless prisoners and former prisoners in Illinois since 1901. Each year its six staff workers provide liaison between prisoners and their loved ones, helping to solve personal problems, and steering many of the destitute families to relief agencies.



It also provides jobs, decent lodgings, and friendly counsel for hundreds of newly released men, most of whom are broke, homeless, frightened. Sometimes the association will advance small sums of money to tide a man over until his first payday. It does all these things with one purpose: to help the ex-prisoner go straight.

JHA is a private organization supported chiefly by donations. It also receives financial backing from the Community Fund. Its board members represent a variety of occupations: 16 businessmen, four housewives, two judges, two lawyers, a clergyman, a former governor, and a prison warden.

The driving force behind JHA is mild-mannered Eugene S. Zemans, who has been its executive director for the last 16 years. Zemans, now 50, has spent most of his adult life helping released men to make good, and in promoting prison reform. (He once demonstrated to reporters that Chicago's dog pound was cleaner than the city's police-station cells.)

When you talk with him, Zemans seems more like a successful corporate lawyer than an expert counselor of convicted felons. "The first few weeks after release are crucial ones for most ex-convicts," Zemans says. "Many who come to JHA are desperate. We offer help so that they can reorganize their lives. We find that the best beginning is a decent job."

Zemans prefers to offer a man a chance rather than a cash handout. But he says that there are times when just a few dollars handed to men in urgent need has kept them from criminal action.

Carl S., a first offender, was released from the city jail after serving six months for purse snatching. To save bus fare, he walked 48 blocks to the JHA offices in downtown Chicago. "I'm broke, hungry, have no place to sleep, and no job," he told Zemans defiantly. "What are you going to do about it?"

Zemans gave Carl money for meals, and obtained a room for him at a near-by hotel. The next day, after a long search, he found him a factory job.

Weeks later, Carl repaid Zemans. "I always figured you guys were phony," he confessed. "If you hadn't fixed me up that first day, I would have snatched the first purse I saw."

Now, instead of being back in jail, Carl has an even better job and a few savings bonds. Zemans thinks that Carl is now out of danger.

Zemans likes to tell about Brian O., who was released from Stateville penitentiary after serving seven years for armed robbery. Brian went straight to JHA, and asked for a meal ticket and a room. "I have a job lined up," he said. "I need my 'gate money' to buy some mechanics' tools."

In serving as confidant to thou-

sands of ex-convicts, Zemans has learned how to size up a man's sincerity. This time he had a hunch that Brian's "job" was a planned stick up, and his "tools" a box of cartridges and a revolver. To play for time, he gave Brian a dollar and told him to come back after lunch. Meanwhile, Zemans made some hurried phone calls to his "angels," certain businessmen who are not reluctant to hire an ex-convict.

When Brian returned, Zemans gave him a letter to a lodging house where he would be given room and board on credit. "I have found a job for you as a mechanic's helper," Zemans said casually. "No tools needed. Maybe this job is better than the one you have in mind."

For a long moment the two men eyed each other. "I'll take it," Brian decided at last.

Every few weeks Brian dropped in to chat with Zemans. But it was a long time before he admitted that he had been planning a holdup that first day. "After a few years in prison," he commented, "some of us decide that everybody on the outside is against us."

Zemans knew what Brian meant. He understands these hard-to-understand men. "When you shut off men from the outside world they begin to lose hope," he explains. "They could resist despair if they

were allowed to take a more active interest in outside affairs. Eventually, 97% of all prisoners are released; why then must they come out feeling like Rip Van Winkle?"

Zemans had reformation in mind when he helped organize prison blood banks, to which many thousands of pints of blood have since been contributed; and a prison eye bank, to which scores of convicts have willed their eyes to help the blind. He also urges prisoners to volunteer for medical experiments, explaining, "Rewards of sentence reductions are less important to a convict than the feeling of having helped humanity."

One felon, the subject of a medical experiment, proudly told Zemans, "I feel as if I've just renewed my membership in the human race."

A great many ex-convicts are returned to prison. Zemans blames conditions, not the men. "Half our states give the released convict \$10 or less gate money," he points out. "Eight states give them nothing at all. How do we expect them to live?"

The John Howard association does help them to live. Zemans points to the half-century record made by the association: of the hundreds of ex-convicts who each year ask for advice and assistance, two-thirds continue to go straight.



The hardest thing to give is in. Douglas B. Netherwood.

God's Innocents

A special school in St. Louis helps handicapped kids to find places in this world and the next

FREDDY STOOD on the sidewalk watching some boys playing baseball on a vacant lot. There was a sharp crack of a bat, and the ball bounded across the ground towards him. It stopped a few feet away from him; he stood there staring at it.

A couple of the players came off the field. One of them noticed Freddy and pointed at him, shouting to the others. They came running.

"Hey, look at baldy! He ain't got no hair." "He's a monkey face. Look at the wrinkles." "He's a screwball, that's what he is. Go on, screwball, get outta here."

Freddy covered his face with his hands. Then he ran blindly down the street. When he could run no more, he hid himself and wept.

Freddy is a small, thin boy with a balding head, weak eyes, and wrinkled skin the color of faded parchment. He is only nine, but already his features are like those of a man of 60. About three years from now, he will probably die of old age.

Freddy is one of some 4.5 million children in the U. S. between the



ages of five and 19 who differ physically, mentally, or emotionally from normal boys and girls of their age groups.

For the most part, the problems of these "different" children have been ignored. Some of the children have been placed in institutions; others have been relegated to the fringes of society. Few are given an opportunity to develop themselves spiritually, mentally, or economically. Most of them must endure ridicule or neglect.

Today, special educational programs are gradually changing that

*4532 Lindell Blvd., St. Louis 8, Mo. Sept. 27, 1957. © 1957 by the Archdiocese of St. Louis, and reprinted with permission.

picture. It is because one such program exists in St. Louis, Mo., that Freddy now sits at a desk in a school where no cruel taunts are permitted. He no longer hides. For the few remaining years of his life, he will have companionship, love, and a sense of belonging.

The first diocesan department of special education in the U. S. was organized in St. Louis in 1950, with Father Elmer H. Behrmann, assistant superintendent of parish schools, as its director. Father Behrmann began with five special ungraded classes and about 70 handicapped students. Now the department conducts a residential school, 15 day classes, and two special senior classes for some 450 handicapped children in the archdiocese.

I had a chat with Father Behrmann one afternoon in the new offices of the department at 4472 Lindell Blvd.

It grieves him that so many people still fail to see the value of special education for handicapped children. Some protest that far more pressing problems demand attention. Others merely shrug their shoulders as if to say, "It can't happen to us, so why should we bother?"

"I can't understand such attitudes," Father Behrmann said. "Do you realize that three mentally retarded children are born every day in St. Louis city and county alone? That's about 1,000 each year, of whom more than 300 are born to Catholic families. And yet some

persons say that there are more pressing problems!"

Father Behrmann walked to a bank of steel filing cabinets. He pulled open a drawer, and removed the last folder in the tray, No. 1742.

"That's how many cases have been brought to our attention since 1950," he said. "And the waiting list is growing all the time!"

He returned to his desk. "Special education isn't only a question of charity," he went on. "It's also a matter of justice. Our religion tells us that the main purpose of our existence is to love and serve God so that we can be happy with Him in this life and the next. Retarded children have a right to share in that purpose. It's part of their dignity as human beings."

Father Behrmann shrugged, and spread his hands. "Oh, sure," he conceded, "these children aren't going to be world-beaters. They won't go to college—or even high school. Their average IQ is only about half of normal. But a low IQ does not make one any less a human person. These youngsters have the same fundamental needs for love, security, recognition, and the feeling of accomplishment as have children of normal intelligence. Our department tries to meet those needs by using modern educational and psychological techniques."

Father Behrmann's special ungraded classes are taught by 25 nuns from eight different Orders. Eleven of the nuns have Masters'

degrees. Each class is limited to 15 students, ranging in age from six to 19. Besides their age differences, the children in each class differ in their respective mental and physical abilities. Some are suffering from cerebral palsy; others have damaged brains; still others are spastics, mongoloids, or hydrocephalics. All have IQ's below 70.

Even the most fundamental concepts must be taught by relating them to the child's concrete experience. So the special classes make extensive use of visual aids, phonograph records, puzzle games, colored slides, play kitchens, movies, and tape recorders.

"Most of these children," Father Behrmann points out, "have very short attention spans. They are always moving around, and are easily distracted by any new sound or movement. You have to trick them into paying attention."

Lessons are recorded on tape by the Sisters the night before a class. The next day, the children follow the lesson by listening to the recording through head phones. That method of teaching not only enables the Sister to give individual attention where it is needed, but also helps to increase each child's attention span by screening out distracting noises.

It is only to be expected that some of the retarded children will be suffering from emotional disturbances. A good many, like Freddy, have experienced rejection at one

time or another. Some have been rejected by their playmates. Others even catch this feeling of rejection from their own parents, who may feel embarrassed by their "different" child. Is it any wonder that such children develop feelings of insecurity?

In the special classes, the child is helped to gain a sense of security by being made to feel wanted. Here, he receives the personal attention that he craves, and finds new companions who accept him readily. Gradually, he comes to realize that he is, after all, of importance to someone.

"I remember one brain-damaged girl who was 14 when she entered one of our classes," Father Behrmann said. "At first she was anxious and withdrawn, unable to bring herself to look at an adult. If someone suddenly entered the room or tried to speak to her, she would turn away her eyes. One day, I came into the classroom. She was afraid to look at me. She ran across the room and clung to the Sister's robes. That was when she first came to the school. Today, she's no longer withdrawn and afraid. Why, she goes to Confession now like an old-timer."

The retarded child's mental and emotional development, however, is not the only concern of the special classes. He needs further help before he can take his place in society.

A special effort is made to enable each child to develop acceptable so-

cial graces. For example, dancing is taught so that the child will gain a sense of poise even as he improves his co-ordination and overcomes his shyness.

In one room, children practice answering the telephone, using a special closed-circuit system that enables them to be at ease. Near by, there is a play kitchen in which the youngsters practice table manners.

The Sisters have developed ingenious ways of giving help with special problems. Take the case of Johnny, who had been erroneously dubbed a borderline mental defective.

Two Catholic and two public schools had expelled Johnny for disturbing his classes. No other school would admit him. Johnny found himself free to roam the streets, until the police picked him up for stealing.

Johnny's case was brought to the attention of the Department of Special Education, and he was admitted to one of the special ungraded classes. The Sister in charge of the class, being familiar with Johnny's history, chose him to run errands for her. She would give him money to buy certain items, leaving it up to him to bring back the correct change.

For the first time in his life, Johnny found that somebody trusted him. Gradually, he came to feel a sense of responsibility. He began to work hard at his studies. He was

graduated from the 8th grade. Later, he won a scholarship in music at one of the high schools in the city.

"The story of Johnny has a happy ending, but it's misleading," Father Behrmann remarks. "Johnny was an exception. He is the only one I know who ever won a scholarship or went on to high school. The children we work with do not have sufficient mental capability for high school. So we concentrate on vocational training."

The training that is offered not only teaches the children how to handle tools, but also develops desirable work habits, such as cleanliness, punctuality, thoroughness, and ability to accept criticism and follow directions.

"But this is where the big problem comes in," Father Behrmann said. "None of our graduates can meet labor-union requirements; none of them could possibly hold a job in a competitive industry. So the big question is: how are they to find jobs that will enable them to support themselves?"

The answer, Father Behrmann firmly believes, will be found in the department's current plans for a workshop which will employ only the handicapped. The parents of the children would set up the workshop as a co-operative business, with themselves as stockholders in the company. If the plan materializes, a handicapped person would be spared the pressure of economic

competition, and at the same time he would be able to feel that he was contributing to society.

But education for the handicapped child means more than preparing him to earn a living. There is also the matter of his religious growth as a Catholic.

State schools for the handicapped will not take students with an IQ below 48. Father Behrmann's school, however, will frequently take children with IQ's as low as 35. The standard for admission does not depend so much on IQ as on the question of whether the child can be educated to the point where he can receive Holy Communion.

"You know," Father Behrmann said, "limited as these children may be in some ways, they show a special aptitude for learning religion. They may be slow in speech, lacking in bodily co-ordination, deficient in intelligence, but theirs is an unspoiled goodness which knows no guile. Take the case of a seven-year-old boy named Tommy."

Tommy was a mongoloid. His IQ was between 45 and 55. He had been attending special classes for about a year and a half, when one day little purple splotches began appearing on his skin, caused by minute hemorrhages all over his body.

Tommy was taken to the hospital.

His condition grew worse, and he lost consciousness during severe convulsions. The doctor said that he could not possibly live beyond the day.

Tommy lay unconscious in the white bed. Blood was seeping from his eyes, nostrils, mouth, and from beneath his fingernails.

Tommy's father stood by. Suddenly he saw the boy's eyes blink open. "Choo-choo train, daddy," Tommy muttered.

"All right, Tommy," the father said, "You get better and I'll buy you one."

"No, daddy, Tommy choo-choo train."

"All right, son, I'll buy you a train."

"No, daddy. Tommy go choo-choo train to God." Shortly thereafter, the boy died.

"I can't explain it," Father Behrmann said. "All I know is that it is a psychological impossibility for a child of his mental capacity to conceive of himself as dying and going to God." He paused. "I'll tell you something I do know, though," he said. "You work with these children, and after a while it really gets to you. They have such a genuine need for love and help—one of these days, society will realize just how great a need."

Pat was all smiles when he came home after the first day at school. His first grade nun was going to teach him again in 2nd grade.

"Ya know what?" he announced. "Sister passed, too."

St. Cajetan (Chicago) Church Bulletin.

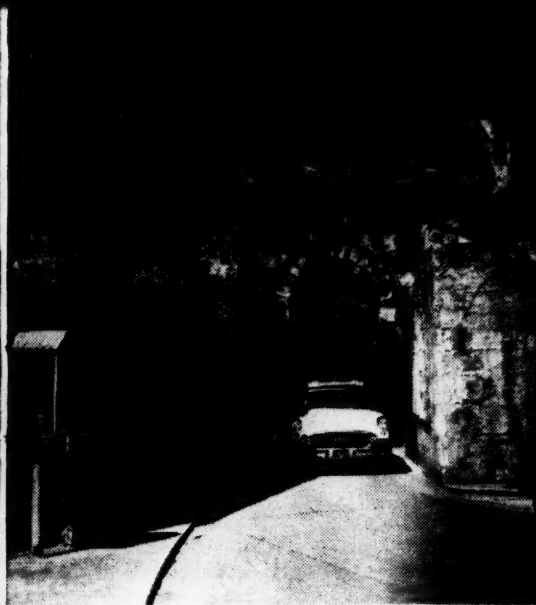
The Salt Mines of **ZIPAQUIRÁ**

By Carlos Martínez-Cabana

Condensed from "Americas"

Pan American Union, Washington 6, D.C. July, 1957. © 1957
by Pan American Union and reprinted with permission.





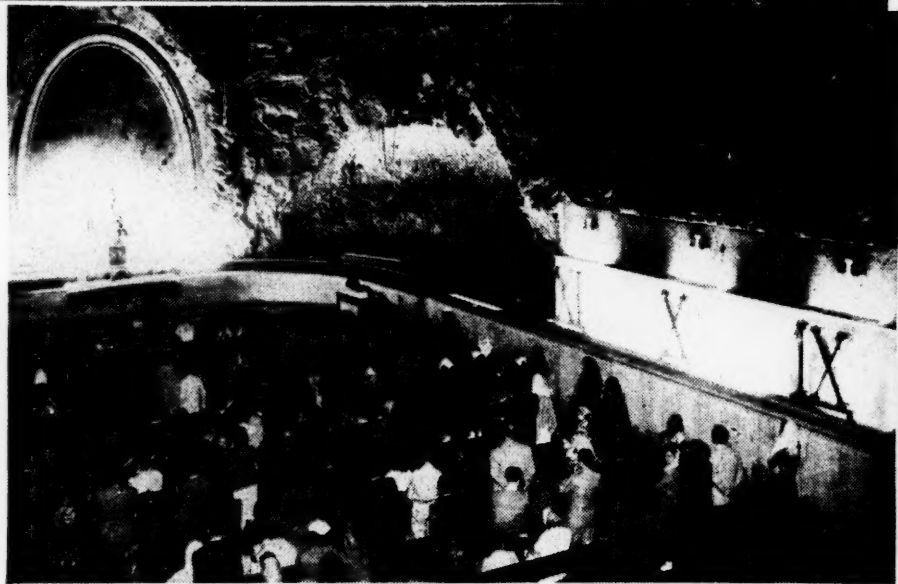
The salt mines of Zipaquirá, Colombia, house the only cathedral in the world carved out of underground salt. Entrance to the immense subterranean church is 9,000 ft. above sea level on the side of a great mountain.

Centuries ago, even before the Spanish conquistadors came, natives gathered here to get the precious salt. Today, because of the imagination of a Colombian architect, José María González-Concha, the salt mines are being worked according to his plans for a huge cathedral.

The Colombian government, owner of the mines, has agreed to this planned mining of the salt, the supply of which is estimated to be good for another 500 years.

When the plan is completed, the cathedral will be made up of three parallel naves, each 394 ft. long. At present, only half excavated after years of digging, the church is still large enough to hold thousands of worshipers at one time. Eventually, the salt-mine cathedral will be approximately the size of the cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris.

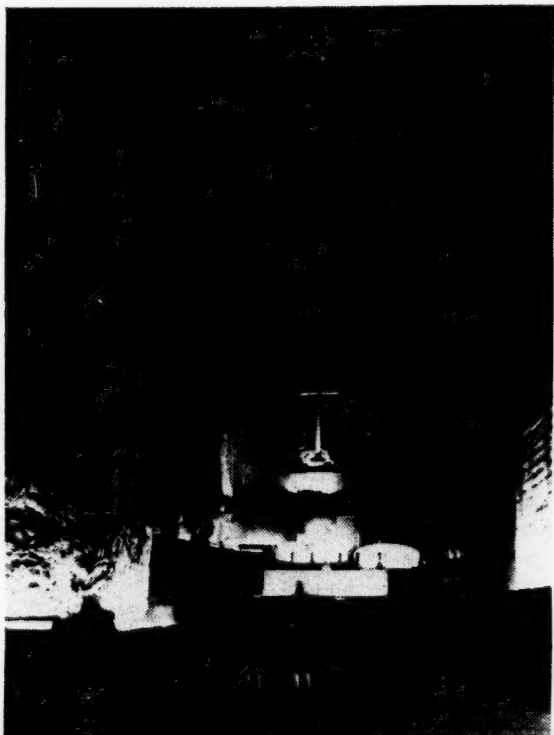
Main entrance to the cathedral itself is through a massive iron gate 800 feet underground. Automobiles can drive right up to it. There is parking space for as many as 200 cars at a time.



Sunday Mass at side altar of the Virgin of the Rosary. When finished, this nave, like the two others, will be 394 feet long. Numerals (right) indicate Stations of the Cross.

PHOTOS BY HAMILTON WRIGHT

Central nave with main altar. Vault is supported by 14 columns of solid gun-metal-gray salt, each approximately 30 feet square at the base.





Soft blue fluorescent lights along walls add to strange atmosphere of the underground cathedral and rock setting of the Nativity scene.



By Leonard Engel
Condensed from the
"New York Times Magazine"*

Revolution in Surgery

*Wonder drugs and improved techniques
are giving many people a 'second chance'*

THE OTHER DAY a 96-year-old woman was brought into a New York hospital with a broken hip. Fifteen years ago she would immediately have been put into a cast and immobilized in bed. Since the aged tolerate immobility poorly, the odds were that she would have died within two weeks.

Instead, she was taken to the operating room. There the hip was pinned together with a long nail driven down through the center of the bone. She was out of bed the next day and out of the hospital 12 days later, her hip well on the mend.

This saving of a life is truly wonderful. But it is not unusual. During the last 25 years a revolution has taken place in surgery. Surgeons now can open the heart, and even stop it if necessary, to make repairs deep inside.

Today, no part of the human body is beyond reach of the healing knife. Segments of major arteries, blocked or weakened by disease,



can be replaced. Removing diseased sections of lung to prevent recurrence of tuberculosis is commonplace. Surgery has developed high skill in treating multiple injuries of appalling severity, as well as the major burns from gasoline that the automobile age has so sharply increased. Even the liver and pancreas, two organs that have been particularly resistant to surgery, can now be operated on successfully.

Surgeons have not only mastered new operative procedures. They are now able to operate successfully on three kinds of patients considered poor surgical risks a generation ago:

*229 W. 43rd St., New York City 36, Sept. 8, 1957. © 1957 by the New York Times Co., and reprinted with permission.

the very old, the very young, and the very sick.

More patients than ever before come safely through their operations. In routine surgery, such as removal of the appendix, deaths are almost wholly confined to patients with severe complications. But operative mortality rates do not accurately measure progress in surgery. For when operations such as those on the heart are first performed, they often result in deaths, both because there are some things that surgeons cannot learn in the animal laboratory and because the first candidates for a hazardous new operation are usually persons already at death's door.

A truer reflection of surgical progress is given by patients like the 96-year-old lady with the broken hip, or those of Dr. Robert E. Gross of Children's hospital in Boston. Dr. Gross, although he is even better known for his work in heart surgery, has been a pioneer in surgery upon the newborn. He has performed major operations upon hundreds of premature infants (usually to correct birth defects). One of Dr. Gross's patients was a baby girl who weighed only 2 lbs., 6 ozs. at the time he saved her life with a major abdominal operation.

Such patients are poor risks. They have little or no reserve strength. More deaths are to be expected among them than among older children or adults in good general health except for the illness or in-

jury that brings them to the surgeon. Yet the overwhelming majority of even very poor-risk patients nowadays recover.

What has made possible the dramatic extension of surgery to new parts of the body and new classes of patients? It isn't great manual dexterity. The surgeons of today do not have more dexterous hands than the great surgeons of the past, any more than modern painters have better hands than Rembrandt.

The striking advances are primarily the result of a tremendously intensified application of a simple principle underlying all modern surgery. This is to design the operation and conduct both it and associated treatment so as to hold disturbance of the patient and his internal machinery to an absolute minimum. Surgeons call it "conservative" surgery. It is astonishing what radical operations are possible if the operation is performed conservatively.

The pioneer in conservative surgery was William Steward Halsted, a fastidious genius who began teaching at Johns Hopkins Medical school in 1889. Dr. Halsted drank only coffee brewed from beans he himself had selected; for years he sent his shirts to Paris to be laundered because he could find in Baltimore no laundry that did them to his taste. He exhibited the same fussiness in his surgery.

In a day when surgeons still worked fast (a holdover from the

pre-anesthetic era, when slashing speed was essential), Halsted operated with exasperating deliberation. He would spend hours tying off blood vessels, one at a time, to keep down blood loss. In closing the wound, he matched layer on layer of muscle, connective tissue, and skin with painstaking precision. Where others took an hour for an operation, Halsted took six. To the astonishment of his contemporaries, his patients not only survived, they did much better than those of other surgeons.

Since Halsted's day, meticulous care to minimize injury to the patient has been the watchword in the operating room. Thanks to modern research, however, today's surgeon has far greater knowledge than Halsted had of what must be done to protect the patient. So the present-day surgeons can do more kinds of surgery on more patients.

When the patient arrives in a hospital for surgery, the surgeon quickly learns a good deal more about him than the surgeon of a generation ago. Almost any region of the body, from the chambers of the heart and the lobes of the brain to blood vessels in the toes, can be studied with precision before surgery. So the surgeon knows far better what he will find when the patient is on the operating table.

Many patients are likely to be extremely undernourished as a result of their illness. Such patients are poor surgical risks. Special diets

or intravenous feedings are used to build them up before the operation. The practice has saved the lives of thousands who at one time could scarcely be considered for surgery.

When a patient entered the operating room 25 years ago, he was likely to be deeply anesthetized. Deep anesthesia was the only means by which the necessary muscular relaxation could be achieved. Today, anesthesia is held to the bare minimum necessary to avoid pain; and such drugs as curare provide muscular relaxation.

Blood vessels are painstakingly shut off to minimize blood loss. The present-day surgeon and his aides also keep track of all blood lost (by drawing it into a measuring glass with a suction machine) and replace it by transfusion. Fluid lost by perspiration and evaporation from the wound is carefully replaced, too. Even the chemical composition of the blood is checked. Illness, surgery, anesthesia—all may change the chemical composition of the blood, so immediate steps are taken to bring it back to normal. Thus, surgical shock, once the terror of the operating room, has been almost eliminated.

Antibiotics are another powerful help to the modern surgeon. Curiously, one of their effects has been to do away with much surgery. Operations like mastoidectomy (which once filled children's surgical wards every winter) are now uncommon; penicillin and its part-

ner medicines halt ear infections.

The antibiotics have also greatly simplified some operations (for bone infections, for instance) and made possible others that once could not have been done at all. An example is the removal of tuberculous tissue from lungs, a procedure that has dramatically speeded the restoration of thousands of TB patients to health. Such operations would be too hazardous without streptomycin and isoniazid to prevent spread of TB germs to other parts of the body. Antibiotics also serve as a backstop against infection in general surgery; for some wound infections do occur despite the most scrupulous sterile precautions.

Surgery has also been advanced by improvements in postoperative care. One of these is the introduction of the recovery room, a small ward near the operating rooms. It is

under the direction of a surgeon equipped to deal in seconds with every conceivable emergency that might arise during the first critical hours after an operation.

Surgery has been steadily transformed into a group undertaking. As many as 18 persons may take part in a long, complex operation. A score of others will be involved in the care of the patient before or after the operation.

The great increase in operating-room personnel is chiefly the result of the great advances made in surgery. There are simply too many ways in which the patient must be safeguarded for the surgeon and a nurse or two to do the job. The new means of protecting the patient may be burdensome in some ways, but they have brought surgery to new heights of daring in saving life and restoring health.



CONCESSION SPEECH

The two candidates for mayor in a small town had waged a heated campaign that in the end had taken on a bitter, personal tone. Even after the election was over, neither man would speak to the other; relations grew strained throughout the town.

On the New Year's eve following the election, both men were invited to the same party. Near midnight the host approached the losing candidate. "Sam," he pleaded, "for the sake of peace in our town, will you please make up with Norton? Just go over and wish him a happy New Year."

After an inward struggle, Sam reluctantly went up to the new mayor. "Norton," he said, "I wish you a happy New Year." Then, drawing a deep breath, he added, "But only one."

Pageant (Dec. '57).



AS A CHILD, I attended whatever church happened to be in the neighborhood in which my much-traveled family happened to be living.

Only one church seemed to stand out above the others, and does to this day; yet at that time it was always associated with trouble. When mischief was afoot, I was usually the cause of it, and many were the times a hand was laid on me where the Lord intended it should be.

One day, seeking a place to shed my tears, I pushed against a church door, and came into the quiet shadows of flickering candlelight and softly glowing statues. My sobs quieted as I looked about in childish wonder. I stood, then knelt, before the Blessed Virgin; then, laying my cheek upon the cool mahogany railing, I released all my sorrows at the feet of this lovely lady, and fell asleep.

For years afterward, the first place I would find in each new neighborhood would be this door that was always open. Marriage brought its joys and its troubles, and my haven was still this church whose creed I didn't understand.

One night I received heartbreaking

news about a dear friend. I ran to my retreat only to find the door locked against vandalism. I sobbed against the unyielding wood.

A light snapped on at the rectory next door. I stood a moment, my heart pounding. Then I went over to the rectory, where I blurted to a startled young priest, "I'm not a Catholic, but will you please open your church? I want to get in!"

Get in I did—all the way—for from that time on I knew that whatever mystery surrounded this Church, someday I would have to seek the answers. Last year I became a Catholic.

Mrs. Stanley Crawford.

ARGUMENT, curiosity, and our family Protestant Bible opened the door for my conversion.

I was brought up to dislike everything Catholic. At the age of 15 I met a Catholic girl; she and I used to discuss religion, and often, against my will, I had to admit she was right.

Later, I met the fine Catholic boy who was to become my husband. Naturally, we talked about religion, and I became increasingly interested in the Church. Each time I asked him a question, I would check his answer against our Protestant Bible, and find verification. We became engaged, and I took the required instructions for marriage. The pamphlets and books I was given to read had many quotes from the Bible; I continued to look them up, and found to my amazement that everything checked. Why, I asked myself, didn't someone tell me about this before? Before long, I became a Catholic—by way of my Protestant Bible.

Mrs. Theodore J. Deck.

[For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be acknowledged nor returned.]



Pat Stanton of WJMJ

*He dishes out blarney—and
charity—in Philadelphia*

AN OPINION widely held among Irish-Americans in Philadelphia is that Patrick Joseph Aloysius Stanton is a naturalized leprechaun. Do you have a knotty problem? Red tape that requires snipping? Go see Pat Stanton. He'll take care of it.

This notion is not entirely accurate. For one thing, calling Stanton a leprechaun is like saying Perry Como resembles a carnival barker. Stanton is a big man (6 ft., 184 lbs.), just turned 50, conservative in dress and manner. He has a friendly face, brown hair just starting to go gray at the temples, and a brogue that he uses only when the spirit moves him. And he's no magician.

"What I am," Stanton says, "is part businessman and part sentimentalist."

Stanton is president of a small (1,000-watt) radio station and is his

own hottest property. He spends 12 hours of his week talking into a microphone. This makes Stanton one of Philadelphia's most inescapable personalities.

Stanton's principal vehicle is a program the newspapers list simply as *Pat Stanton*. This way of listing is a fairly recent development, and it gives you an idea of how big the fellow has become. To longtime listeners, however, it remains *The Irish Hour*. It is a bouncy thing, filled with music and talk and much good cheer, and Stanton is the man who makes it go. He has done the show daily since 1929, with time out occasionally for trips to his native Ireland. Competitors for the sponsors' dollars view this longevity record and profess astonishment.

"The guy peddles corn," one such competitor remarked recently. "In this case, you could call it blarney. It's murder. But you have to hand it to him. He has a following."

Stanton has such a following that there are times when he wonders whether he is an entertainer, diplomat, human-relations consultant, or

*Lackawanna 18, N.Y. December, 1957. © 1957, and reprinted with permission.

all of these put together. For years people with no other connection with him save that of being listeners to *The Irish Hour* have come to Stanton with personal problems.

"If the problems are too personal," says Stanton, "I try to steer people to their pastors. When I feel I can help, I do the best I can. Sometimes all a person needs is the chance to get something off his chest to another person who can size up the situation objectively."

Now and then Stanton is offered payment in one form or another for his counseling services. He always declines it. Several years ago, though, one grateful client fixed him. When the man died, it was found that he had stipulated in his will that Patrick J. Stanton should receive a bottle of the finest Irish whisky.

"What are you going to do?" a friend asked Stanton.

"Keep my amateur standing," replied Pat. "I'll give it away." He did.

Stanton has been called an "Irish consul without portfolio," and the tag is apt. The Republic of Ireland has no consulate in Philadelphia. With Stanton around, it really doesn't need one. He does just about everything in that line but draw a consular salary.

Let's say, for instance, that a Mrs. Moriarty, who came to this country from Ireland a good many years ago, is approaching the age at which she can claim Social Security benefits. The trouble is, Mrs. Moriarty can't prove it.

She has no birth certificate. There is no consulate to which she can go for help. But there is that nice chap she hears on the radio every day, and she has heard that he can do anything. So she turns to Pat Stanton. He goes to work.

He gets in touch with the proper authorities in the county in Ireland where Mrs. Moriarty was born. It may be that the records have been lost or destroyed. In that case the search has to be extended into the woman's original parish. An affidavit from the parish priest, attesting to the date of birth as shown in the parish register, is filed with the county authorities, and a birth certificate is issued.

"It can become pretty involved," Stanton declares. "I've dealt with officials of every county in Ireland in cases like this. Often they have had to do a lot of checking, but they've always been cooperative."

Mrs. Moriarty gets the necessary certificate, and qualifies for Social Security payments, and it hasn't cost her a nickel. Stanton pays all charges. "I don't want to pose as a complete altruist," he declares. "I'm glad to be of assistance, but I also know that something like this is the best possible kind of public relations."

Stanton's basic appeal seems to lie in his ability to come across the kilocycles as a personality, not just a voice. His voice, in fact, is never going to set John Daly to fretting. It has, however, a quality that con-

veys to a listener the impression that Stanton is talking directly to him or her—mostly to her, for Stanton estimates that about 80% of his listeners are women. "At nine o'clock in the morning," he says, "how much of a male audience can you expect?"

A woman who has been a Stanton fan for years says, "It's hard to explain his appeal." Whether he's telling a funny story or discussing something serious, you know he's sincere."

That "sincere" makes Stanton wince. "It sounds like Madison Avenue," he complains. "I'm wary of the word because a lot of what is called sincerity in this business today is studied sincerity. That's not for me."

Stanton's station bears the call letters WJMJ. The "JM" is, of course, religious in significance. Stanton is tolerantly amused by critics who suggest that this blending of the sacred and secular violates propriety.

"Many radio and television stations," he declares, "have call letters that attract attention to, say, the companies that own them or the cities in which they are located. At WJMJ we emphasize religion. This is bad?"

The station's annual income runs about \$220,000, a healthy take for a small "independent" licensed to operate only during daylight hours. Its profits would probably be even larger if Stanton did not make avail-

able so much air time either free or at reduced rates for religious broadcasts.

Every morning on WJMJ, via tape recording, Archbishop John F. O'Hara, c.s.c., of Philadelphia, conducts the *Daily Rosary* program. Another daily presentation is the Jesuits' *Sacred Heart* program. And each Sunday, September through June, the station broadcasts Mass from the mid-city Church of St. John the Evangelist.

The station also carries a number of Protestant programs. One, conducted by the Rev. Russell Taylor Smith, a Presbyterian, has had five-day-a-week status since the station went on the air in 1947.

Many Philadelphians refer to WJMJ as "the foreign-language station." About half of each broadcasting day is devoted to programs in Italian, Polish, and Spanish. Of the station's 14 announcers, five use a foreign language. Ralph Borrelli, the chief Italian announcer, has been associated with Stanton for 28 years. "You would think," Borrelli says, "that after all this time Pat would have learned at least a few Italian words. But he can't even order a pizza pie without a translator."

One reason that Stanton never has learned Italian or even how to drive a nail ("If everyone were like me there never would have been a do-it-yourself fad") may be that he hasn't the time. Since boyhood he has been on the go, and he still

puts in a ten-hour day, seven days a week, "But," says his pretty wife Mary, "he has the faculty of relaxing when he leaves the station. That's what keeps him going."

Stanton's early boyhood was spent in Ireland, but he has only faint recollections of it. He was born May 22, 1907, in Charleville, County Cork, the 8th of 16 children of John and Bridget Stanton. John Stanton was a carpenter, hard-pressed to feed all his hungry little mouths.

In 1912, John Stanton's sister, Mary Ellen, who had emigrated to the U.S. and married James Wallace, a Philadelphian, brought her husband to Charleville for a visit. Wallace, who had been ill, died in Charleville. His widow decided to return to Philadelphia, and it was decided that she should take five-year-old Pat Stanton, who adored "Aunt Wallace," with her.

Stanton frequently refers to himself as a lucky guy. There is evidence that his luck started running for him early.

His aunt booked passage on a new ocean liner. Just before Mrs. Wallace and the boy were scheduled to depart from Charleville, however, Pat was stricken with scarlet fever. "It was," Stanton says, "the most fortunate case of scarlet fever that any kid ever had." The liner on which they were about to sail was the *Titanic*.

Eventually, aunt and nephew reached Philadelphia, where Mrs.

Wallace started a small neighborhood grocery. Pat was enrolled in a Christian Brothers school. At the age of eight he became an altar boy at the Cathedral of Sts. Peter and Paul. He continued to serve Mass until he was 38. He vividly remembers the day in 1936 when he served Mass for Eugenio Cardinal Pacelli, then papal secretary of state, who three years later became Pope Pius XII.

At 14, Stanton decided to enter the priesthood. He went to Holy Ghost Apostolic college, Cornwallis Heights, Pa. "But," he says, "I began to experience twinges of conscience about leaving my aunt by herself. After my third year, I withdrew."

In school plays Stanton had shown a flair for dramatics. In 1924, after a spell of working at odd jobs, he joined the Mae Desmond stock company. For the next two years he knocked around on tour. He played minor roles in some now-forgotten movies made at the old Edison and Paramount studios in New York City. In 1926 he returned to Philadelphia. "I was tired of living out of a trunk," Stanton explains. "I wanted to sink my roots."

For a time it appeared that the roots would be sunk in Philadelphia's Holy Cross cemetery office, where he got a job as a clerk. Then he heard that a small radio station, WIAD, needed a program director. Stanton knew little about this relatively new medium, but he made

a convincing pitch for the job and landed it.

WIAD soon became WELK. By his 20th birthday, Pat was earning \$105 a week, doing everything from announcing to writing commercial copy. "I was," he says, "an eager beaver."

WELK eventually became WDAS, but Stanton has fond memories of those earlier call letters which today sound like a plug for an orchestra leader. Mary C. DeMey, a Philadelphia girl, came to WELK as a secretary and left to become Mrs. Pat Stanton. Pat and Mary were married July 24, 1937. They have three children: Mary Ellen, 19; Pat, Jr., 16; Suzanne, 13. They live in a 14-room fieldstone house in Carroll Park, a Philadelphia suburb. There Pat frequently sits up late at night indulging his two hobbies: writing religious verse and reading books on Ireland.

It was at WELK that Stanton got aboard *The Irish Hour*. The station launched the show in 1928, and considered dropping it a year later because it wasn't selling. Stanton bought the show at the magnificent price of \$15 per program, and sold \$50 worth of commercials for the first presentation under his ownership. Even during the depression the show was a money-maker.

After 19 years of working for somebody else, Stanton left WDAS in 1946 to establish his own station. WJMJ went on the air a year later. Pat's Irish program paid the rent

until the station began moving in high gear.

In 1936 Stanton went back to Ireland, camera in hand. The result was a successful travelogue, for which Stanton did the commentary. It was called *Seeing Ireland*. Stanton showed it in predominantly Irish neighborhoods in cities throughout the East and the Midwest.

In 1939 Stanton made *Here Is Ireland*, the first all-color travelogue on Ireland ever produced. In 1946 he produced *Ireland Today*. Now he is editing another film. This one he will give to the Society of the Holy Rosary, to be shown as a means of raising funds.

Stanton has helped to raise money for many causes he considers worthy. The one in which he is perhaps most interested is the Ballaghaderreen orphanage in County Mayo, Ireland, which he first visited in 1936.

A project he started then on behalf of the orphanage has become permanent. The children of the orphanage pick shamrocks, which are processed and preserved. They are shipped to Stanton, who distributes them throughout the U.S. just before St. Patrick's day. Donations are asked, and all proceeds are sent to the orphanage. Nothing is taken out for expenses. Stanton pays them. Last March, Stanton heard from a very special customer, who commented favorably on the shamrock project: President Eisenhower.

When the U.S. entered the 2nd World War, Stanton tried to enlist in the armed forces but was rejected because of an eye condition. When the Coast Guard established its temporary reserve, however, Stanton volunteered and was accepted. Throughout the rest of the war he

did guard duty on Philadelphia piers, working a full day at the radio station, then doing a full trick on duty. For nearly three years, Stanton averaged about four hours' sleep in every 24.

Things have improved since. Pat now gets six hours' sleep in 24.

HEARTS ARE TRUMPS

When I was a student at Xavier university in New Orleans, I joined the Catholic Interracial commission, an undergraduate club. Our projects were many and varied. One was the picnic we gave every year for the orphan children of the Catholic home across the river in Marrero.

Too often such projects seem overly formal and contrived, but that wasn't the way things worked out for our group at all. Early on a certain morning we college students would pack a big picnic lunch, and take it over to the orphanage. There was something profoundly touching about the way the kids ran to meet us. Of course, it was obvious that they were all hungry for the lunch (a very special one), but it was equally obvious that they hungered, too, for something more. This we tried to give them, and it was surprising how easily and naturally we all became friends.

By evening, each of us college students had "adopted" anywhere from one to four of the kids; we became "big brothers" or "big sisters" to these wonderful children, whose longing to be loved as individuals was apparent in everything they said and did.

One of my little brothers I particularly remember. A few days after the picnic I received his touching letter of thanks; that was only the first of many that sped back and forth between us, brightening that school year for me much more than I realized at the time.

I like to recall every minute of our picnic my last year at Xavier. My little blond, eager-eyed "brother" stood restless, watching for me as we college students approached the orphanage; when he spied me his whole face lighted up. Then he ran to me and held my hand tight, conveying a message without speaking.

He insisted on taking me on a tour of his own "campus," introducing me to everyone as his "big brother." Everyone, in turn, looked at me, a Negro, and smiled understandingly. I was very happy.

Fred L. Johnson.

[For original accounts, 200 to 300 words long, of true cases where unseeking kindness was rewarded, \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be acknowledged or returned.]

A Release-Time School

There is no shortage of teachers or space in this unusual parish project

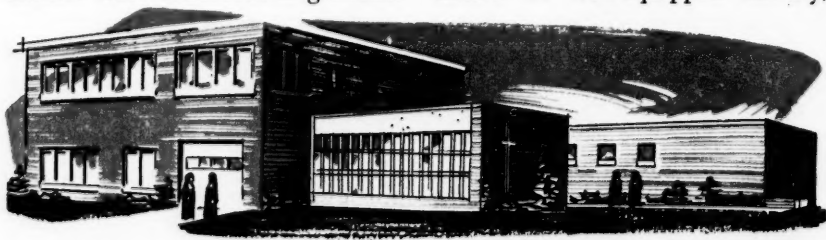
TEN MILES from the heart of Rochester, N.Y., in suburban Fairport, a pastor has constructed a School of Religion, where no Catholic child will ever be turned away because of lack of teaching room or Sisters. The pastor is Father Leonard Kelly, and his parish is that of the Assumption of Our Lady.

The Assumption School of Religion is built on a plot which adjoins the property of the public school. From September, 1956, to September, 1958, the village of Fairport, with a population of less than 10,000, will have invested over \$6 million in public-school buildings. The expenditure will provide the village and the centralized school district with ultramodern grammar

and high schools spacious enough to accommodate all the children of the community through the first 12 grades. The taxes of the citizens, many of whom are new homeowners, are heavy.

The Assumption School of Religion is a one-story, four classroom building. It has a principal's office and a combination boiler room and maintenance shop. A glass brick corridor joins it with the convent, a two-story structure with enclosed garage. The garage leads to the spacious, all-electric kitchen and laundry on the east side.

The chapel, an extension of the building to the north consisting of only one story, is entered through the reception hall at the main entrance. A well-equipped sacristy,



*20 W. Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn. September-October, 1957. © 1957 by the Administrative Publishing Co., Inc., and reprinted with permission.

built-in confessional, dining room, office, and reception hall complete the 1st floor of the convent.

The 2nd story, the cloistered section of the convent, provides six cells, a community room, and an enclosed porch, with jalousie windows on two sides.

This school is used primarily to teach religion to the 600 Catholic children of the parish on release time. There are 36 classes staggered through the week. It is also used in the evenings for adult-leadership training courses in the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine program. Men and women from 17 Rochester parishes came weekly for the CCD teacher-training course during the first year of the school's existence.

Seasonally, high-school forums and PTA meetings are held on Sunday afternoons. At those times the four classrooms are made into one auditorium by opening the sound-proof sliding partitions. The partitions have an interior wood frame, covered on both sides with one-inch insulation board and finished with canvas. The partitions slide easily on an overhead track and occupy little space when opened.

The school faculty consists of four Sisters, Mission Helpers of the Sacred Heart, whose motherhouse is in Baltimore, Md. Besides teaching the children religion from kin-

dergarten through senior high school, the Sisters also do social work in the parish.

"They visit the homes of the children to make sure there is cooperation between the home and the school and to assist the parents in teaching religion to their own children in the home," says Father Kelly. "Their program permits them to work constantly with the people of the parish, leading back many stray sheep to the fold, contacting prospective converts, taking census, and representing the pastor to his people in many respects.

"Only four Sisters teach religion to 12 grades, and a four-room school of this type takes the place of a 12 or 16-room parochial school. The Catholic taxpayers, many of whom are young couples paying for homes and raising large families, have the expensive extras provided by the public school. The local public school collects state aid on all the children of the community."

The location of the School of Religion very near the public school makes it possible for the children to pass from one building to the other, by a walk across the back yard and without crossing a street, in just three minutes. This is the time ordinarily allowed for the passing of classes within a building. A full period is available for the teaching of religion.



Overheard in a crowded restaurant: "I'm so full of penicillin, if I sneeze in here I'm gonna cure somebody."

Frances Benson.

Questions about the Church are invited from non-Catholics. Write us, and we will have your question answered. If yours is the one selected to be answered publicly in *The Catholic Digest*, you will receive a lifelong subscription to this magazine. Write to *The Catholic Digest*, 2959 N. Hamline Ave., St. Paul 13, Minn.

What Would You Like to Know About the Church?

This month's question and answer:

THE LETTER

To the Editor: I noticed in recent issues of *THE CATHOLIC DIGEST* that you have been answering questions of non-Catholics about Catholicism. What I have been wondering about is how the custom of eating fish on Friday originated. When did it start, and why?

Stuart Gould.

THE ANSWER

By J. D. CONWAY

I am sure you understand, Stuart, that Catholics are not required to eat fish on Friday. They are, rather, forbidden to eat flesh meat. So fish is often chosen as a substitute, though some people prefer eggs, cheese or vegetables.

The practice of not eating meat on Friday we call abstinence. To abstain means to hold back or refrain from using and enjoying something. We usually apply the word to food and drink, and one might abstain by going on a diet or becoming a tee-

totaler. We can abstain from all food; this was the historical notion of fasting. Or we can abstain from certain kinds of food, like meat; and this is what the Church law means today when it commands abstinence.

In the general sense of refraining from food, or from certain kinds of food, we might say that the custom began with Adam, except that he and Eve rather observed it in the breach. Anyway, the Lord God gave them a law of abstinence: "From the tree of the knowledge of good and evil you must not eat."

The practice of abstinence, in itself, is called by moralists an *indifferent* thing: it is neither good nor bad. But motives or circumstances may make it virtuous or vicious. If you abstain out of vanity you do wrong. If you abstain out of obedience or for love or penance, your act becomes good. If your abstinence harms your health or impairs your work, it is bad. If it clears your brain and reduces your waistline, good motives will make it virtuous.

The law of abstinence was given to Adam to teach him obedience, so

that he might be aware of his dependence on his Creator. But when Adam broke the law he became a sinner.

As a consequence, for him and all his children abstinence acquired additional purposes: it is a way of doing penance, in an effort to repair the harm of sin and to restore the order of God's justice upset by sin. Also, it is a means of spiritual mortification, by which we bring our disordered desires under control of good sense.

Practically every serious religion in the world's history has recognized the need of penance and mortification. We even find that need stressed in the ethical systems of great philosophers who had no special religion. Some of them were not supernatural enough to recognize the value of penance as a reparation for sin. But all agree with St. Paul that just as an athlete must train rigorously for a big game, so we must all exercise spiritual discipline, keeping in good moral condition, if we are to endure in the race of life towards its goal of happiness.

Mortification is defined in my dictionary as a subjection of the passions by abstinence and other discipline. The means of mortification may come to us from three sources. The ones of greatest value are imposed upon us by God, in the form of trials, afflictions, disappointments, sufferings, hardships, sorrows. We practice mortification by accepting

troubles with love, resignation, and spiritual adaptation. Thus they serve God's glory and our own advancement in sanctity. Simone Weil, who knew suffering intimately, found the greatness of Christianity in the fact that it did not seek a supernatural escape from suffering but found a supernatural use for suffering.

The second source of mortification is law, like the Church's law of abstinence. Its advantages are threefold: the choice of means is made with wisdom and experience; the virtue of obedience gets opportunity for profitable exercise; and we avoid many of the dangers inherent in choosing our own preferred brand of hair shirt.

We can, of course, and we should, choose private mortification in addition to that imposed by God and by law. But we must be careful that the choice be prudent; that it does not detract from the fulfillment of our duties; and that it does not become a source of self-satisfaction, by which we glory in the spiritual glamour of our own accomplishments.

Whatever type of mortification we practice we must keep our thinking straight about its nature and value. We do not suffer for the good of suffering, because suffering is not good in itself. We suffer for love. We are not saints because we suffer; we suffer to become saints. We do not give up the use of God's created things because we think something evil is in them ("God

saw that all He had made was very good"). The reasonable use of all God's creatures is good and holy, but reason requires that we use them for God and not for themselves. So also our abstaining from the use of God's created things must be done for God and not for the sake of abstaining. And we must keep always in mind that mortification is not holiness; it is a means of holiness.

The idea of penance is not uniquely Christian, but only Christ gives it that touch of divine value which makes it really useful in repairing the harm of sin and removing its vestiges. Because He was God as well as man Jesus suffered with infinite merit, redeemed all men from sin, and made adequate reparation to God for the harm of sin. But He is also the head of a mystical Body of which Baptism makes us members; from our close union with Him we have a part in his sufferings. Fused with his redemptive agony, our little mortifications are tinted with merit; our petty crosses fuse into his Calvary cross; and our penances partake of his powers of reparation.

The cross was not only for Christ; it was for all Christians. Unless we share his cross we cannot share the redemption which resulted from the cross. Only by doing that can we see that there is no presumption in those bold words of St. Paul: "What is lacking of the sufferings of Christ I fill up in my flesh."

Our practice of abstaining, Stuart,

finds its beginnings in Old Testament times, when laws of abstaining from various foods were many, and rigorous fasts were frequent. One day of complete fasting was imposed by strict law: the day of the Atonement, the 10th day of the 7th month, on which "every one of you shall mortify himself so that you may be cleansed of all your sins before the Lord. Once a year atonement shall be made for all the sins of the Israelites."

After their second defeat at Gaba the Israelite army "went up to Bethel, where they wept and remained fasting before the Lord until evening of that day."

Osiat fasted in preparation for the defense of Bethulia against Holofernes, and Judith fasted every day of her life except the Sabbath and certain feast days. The Lord, speaking through Joel, called on the priests and people to sanctify their fasting. David fasted in penance and prayer when his child by the wife of Urias was threatened with death.

Esther fasted as one phase of her urgent prayer and penance for her people in their danger. Elias, after he had eaten the food given him by the angel of the Lord, fasted for 40 days and 40 nights. In the time of Jesus, the Pharisees apparently had a practice of fasting twice a week.

During those fasts no food was eaten at all. But the Jewish people had a more constant obligation of

abstaining from certain kinds of food. During the Passover of the Lord no leavened bread was to be eaten, but only unleavened bread, "the bread of affliction." "Flesh with its life—that is, its blood—you shall not eat." There were restrictions on the eating of the tithes of grain, wine, and oil. Wine and strong drink were forbidden to Aaron and his sons, the priests. The 11th chapter of Leviticus has a list of animals, birds, and fish which are called unclean and must not be eaten at all.

As Christians we are direct heirs of the Jews; our Founder was one of them. He practiced their religion, fulfilled their prophecies, and based his own religion on their divinely revealed truths. While He did not require that his disciples fast while He was with them, He implied that they would be expected to fast after He had left them. He criticized hypocrites who made a show of their fasting, so that men might see and admire them, and advised that fasting and other penances should be performed in secret so that only the Father in heaven would see and reward them. In words, He stressed to his Apostles the efficacy of fasting; and before beginning the great work of his public ministry, He gave us his own personal example of mortification by fasting for 40 days in the desert.

In view of the Jewish traditions and customs, and the example of our Lord, it is not surprising that

from the very beginning Christians should have practiced fasting and abstinence. Jesus gave no commandment of abstaining, and there is only one law in the New Testament on the subject. That law was promulgated at the Council of Jerusalem, and is found in Acts 15: 29: "That you abstain from things sacrificed to idols and from blood and from what is strangled." However, Acts 13: 3 and 14: 22 join fasting and prayer together as essential preparation for important steps, and St. Paul apparently takes fasting and abstinence for granted. You recall his words about the athlete who abstains to receive a perishable crown. He also lists fasting as one of the things expected of God's ministers, and refers to his own frequent fastings.

Christians of the earliest centuries had a general sense of the duty of fasting, and they apparently observed various fasts on a voluntary basis, without any laws. It was a matter for individual piety; so there was no uniformity in custom. Presumably Jewish Christians continued to observe the fast of the Atonement, and the *Didache*, or Doctrine of the 12 Apostles (one of the most important documents of the early Church, dating from the end of the 1st century), intimates that some Christians were following the practice of the Pharisees in fasting twice a week.

They are advised to change the days of their fasting, making them

Wednesday and Friday. From the dawn of Christianity, Friday has been a day of abstinence from meat, in memory of Christ's suffering and death on that day.

Tertullian, writing early in the 3rd century, after he had become a Montanist, gives us a good insight into Christian customs of fasting by his abusive attacks on them. The Montanists were more strict than the true Christians. They observed xerophagy, a sort of dry diet which eliminated meat and all things juicy. Their strictness was a novelty to Christians at that time, but two centuries later we find rigorous fasts frequently observed by the faithful.

In those earliest centuries there was a paschal fast, a beginning of Lent, but it was observed for only one day, or a few days, just before Easter. The 40-day Lent was not observed until the 4th century, and even then it was not uniform: usually only 36 days in the West, and seven weeks, with Saturdays and Sundays taken out, in the East.

There was also a custom from early times of fasting before feast days. About the 4th century we find a tendency to prolong the Friday fast into Saturday, a custom which seems to have been observed at Rome in the time of St. Augustine. In 305, the Council of Elvira ordered this Saturday fast to be kept once each month, except in July and August; and by the 6th century it was kept in many places, at least during Lent. It remained a day of

rather general abstinence in the Western Church until our own times, while the custom of fasting on Wednesday gradually died out.

The custom of Saturday fasting was a source of bitter conflict between East and West. The Eastern Church regarded Saturday as a feast day, commemorating the creation of the world, and they condemned fasting on that day, except for Easter Saturday. This unimportant point of custom figured prominently in the ultimate schism of the Orthodox Churches. Wednesday and Friday have always remained the fast days in the East.

Today, Stuart, fast and abstinence laws are neatly distinct. Fasting is primarily concerned with the quantity of food eaten, and allows only one full meal a day; it puts no limitations on the quality or kinds of food at that meal. Abstinence is not concerned with how much you eat, or how often; it requires that you avoid certain kinds of food, namely flesh meat and most of its products.

However, this precise distinction is a recent legal development. In spite of the words of St. Paul to the Romans that it is good not to eat meat, in the early centuries there was no idea of simple abstinence from meat apart from fasting; but, on the other hand, avoidance of meat was usually an integral part of fasting.

Customs were diverse in different places and different centuries, but, in general, early methods of fasting

were quite severe. No food was taken all day long, and often little or no drink, until after Vespers, about the 9th hour of the day, or 3 P.M. Then the one meal of the day was eaten. It was a restricted meal: no meat, and probably no animal products like cheese, milk or eggs. But people were hungry after their day of fasting; vegetables, fruits, and cereals made a lean diet. So naturally they sought a substitute for meat. In the popular mind there was a definite distinction between animals, birds, and fish. In some places, at one time or another, birds were eaten on fast days, but generally they were grouped with land animals and considered flesh meat. Fish were different, and became the generally accepted substitute for meat.

Seldom has fish been excluded from the fasting diet in the Western Church. In the late 3rd century there are evidences of a local fast (probably during Holy Week) which did not permit fish; and in the 9th century people in a certain locality in Italy fasted three days a week on vegetables and fruit. But those were exceptions. It is doubtful whether there was ever an explicit law of the Church which forbade fish on fast days, except for a rather recent law, which some people remember today, which prohibited fish and meat at the same meal on fast days. That law was in effect until 1918. It is in itself evidence that in the course of centuries meat

had come to be permitted at the principal meal on some fast days.

The rigor of early fasting gradually diminished. Hungry people became impatient; so they gave in to the urge to say Vespers early. By the 10th or 11th century the one meal of a fast day was being eaten at noon. But that had a disadvantage. By evening, people were hungry again.

The monasteries were the principal sources of fasting customs. In the evening, the monks usually had a conference, which was called a *collatio*. It was hard for the monks to sit patiently through those conferences, hungry as they were. The custom developed of having something to nibble on before or during the conference; and this nibbling became an evening snack, called a collation. This happened about the 13th century; it was not until five or six centuries later that coffee and a bit of bread were permitted in the morning. Now fasting has become a rather comfortable thing, adapted to the special needs of the individual.

As the method of fasting became easier the number of fast days also diminished. By the 11th century, Wednesday had ceased to be a fast day everywhere, except during Lent and Ember weeks. Saturday had replaced it, but as early as the 9th century both Friday and Saturday had ceased to be real fast days; they were only days of abstinence. You could eat as much as you wanted on those days, but no meat. Abstinence

had always been a part of the fast; it ended up as the only part to remain. As a counter trend, on other fast days meat came to be permitted at the principal meal. These were fast days, but not days of complete abstinence.

You may think, Stuart, that the Reformation did away with fasting and abstinence; but not so. Changing customs were gradual in most places. In England under Edward VI and James I abstinence was enforced by parliamentary laws, and Elizabeth I issued proclamations on the subject. It was made fairly clear that one purpose of those English laws against flesh

meat on fast days was to aid the fishing and shipbuilding industries.

Presbyterian Scotland had fast days before communion; and the Puritans brought the practice of occasional fasting to this country. The day before they left Leyden was a solemn day of fast, and after their many misfortunes in the year 1623 they had a similar fast day in the colony. The last general fast days observed in this country were in 1849, because of the cholera; during the Civil war, when fasts were kept by both the North and the South; and June 1, 1865, in commemoration of Lincoln's death on April 14 of that year.



In Our Parish

In our parish, two brothers studied for the priesthood. Both were ordained, and eventually the younger one was made a bishop. The older brother was asked why he, too, had not been consecrated.

"My brother," he replied, "rose because of his gravity. I was held down by my levity."

Irene Hewitt.



In our parish school in Kearny, N.J., the 1st-grade teacher had trained her class to fold their hands reverently, and to close their eyes during prayers. One day, when class was over, a little girl approached the teacher, offering the following unsolicited information: "Sister, I watched every boy and girl while they were saying their prayers, and I was the only one who had my eyes closed."

Sister Agnes Concilio.

[You are invited to submit similar stories of parish life, for which \$10 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted to this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

No Hiding Place

Review by Father Francis Beauchesne Thornton

VINCENT TRACY seemed to have a 14-karat future. His father, John Tracy, was a wealthy contractor in the charming town of Ballston Spa, in upstate New York. Vin's mother was a power in church and social affairs. His sandy-haired brother Jack was dedicated to studies for the priesthood.

As a cadet at De La Salle, Vincent was a leader among his classmates in both athletics and studies. Prep-school days were an easy road that led to Holy Cross college and further triumphs. After graduation Vincent fumbled about, trying to choose between law and medicine at Harvard. But he saw that his real genius was for people, so he went out on New York's 5th Ave. and found himself a job.

At 30, Vincent was assistant manager of Franklin Simon. His genius for getting rid of bottlenecks and road blocks brought him the endearing gratitude of his boss, J. Howard Denny. In person, Vincent was still a matinee-idol type. He carried himself royally; his charm and perfect grooming were proverbial on the street.

One day Vin met a long-legged

fashion model, brown-eyed Heddie Wallenius. It was love at first sight. Life was like a bowl of cherries and the world seemed to be his oyster.

Does this portrait sound too good, too sunny? Then take a look at this.

"On Christmas eve, 1946, a tall, shabbily dressed man shuffled along the deserted Bowery toward Brooklyn Bridge. When he reached the winding passageway that leads from the street up to the bridge, he began to climb slowly, inching his weak, partially paralyzed legs forward with a persistence that he seldom showed in anything except panhandling money for another drink.

"Below, the East river glimmered in icy beauty. A passing train set the bridge girders shuddering, and Vincent clung weakly to the railing to keep his balance. Cars sped in the motor lanes alongside him, their occupants oblivious to the lone figure of the man. In the sudden glare of a passing headlight Vincent's face loomed white in the darkness. It was the starved, sick face of the alcoholic. Beneath the pallor, however, the face was still young.

"Vincent looked across to the

spot at the middle of the bridge, where his falling body would not strike against the cement pilings that supported it, but would fall cleanly from the top of the railing to the water that lay 136 feet below.

"As he approached the chosen site, his head down against the wind, Vincent suddenly realized, with a sense of panic, that the courage was draining out of him. Even the tortured hopelessness of his mind could not flog it into action. He walked on past the chosen spot without stopping, without even turning his head, and kept on walking till he reached the Brooklyn side. There, trembling and shaking, he grasped the railing, his head down on his arms, tears of impotent fury streaming down his wasted cheeks. 'This is the final cheat,' he raged. 'I don't even have the guts to kill myself.'"

Both portraits of Vincent are true. But the first one was the phony mask Vincent wore through the teens and 20's.

At 14, Vincent had his first drink. The year was 1925. The drink was bathtub gin. Vincent liked it. It gave him a sense of well-being and power, which he proved by having an affair with an actress. He staggered up the stairs to get his high-school diploma.

Holy Cross was one long drunken week end. As Vincent himself said, "My degree should have read Bachelor of Alcohol." By the time Vincent got to Harvard the intellectual

disciplines necessary for the law or medicine were impossible for him. His job at Franklin Simon had the façade of success. Behind it, the furtive and continuous drinking went on, in hotels and night clubs.

Suddenly everyone saw what he was, a hopeless drunk. Time and time again Father Jack and the ever-faithful Heddie did what they could to help Vincent. It was rivers of money poured away.

There is a third portrait of Vincent. Near Albany is a large estate with guest houses. It is a home in which alcoholics cure themselves—with Vincent's help. For when he came up out of the gutter Vincent dedicated himself to helping those like himself; and he has helped them to complete sobriety by the hundreds. Yes, he married Heddie. She, his children, and Father Jack, are the pillars of his strength—and God, of course.

This is an exciting, heartrending story of a man's fall and rise. Written with amazing frankness, it will shake you, however sure of yourself you may think you are. Once again, as in *I'll Cry Tomorrow*, we have a real adventure in reading—Beth Day's *No Hiding Place*.

It is published by Henry Holt & Co., Inc., New York City. It is a \$3.95 volume (costing Catholic Digest Book Club members only \$2.95). To join the club write to the Catholic Digest Book Club, CD9, 100 Sixth Ave., New York 13, N. Y.

47 Glorious Days in Europe *only* for \$135 DOWN PAYMENT

For Teachers, Librarians, Students, Others
In Two Congenial Groups via
Pan American World Airways System

Catholic Digest, Dept. J.D.
44 E. 53rd St., New York 22, N. Y.

Please send me by return mail complete information about your European travel program. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name _____

St. & No. _____

State _____

City _____

Please check which:

☐ Teacher

☐ Undergraduate

Other _____

☐ Librarian

☐ Post Graduate

THIS COUPON
BRINGS YOU
FREE
INFORMATION

*You'll
Enjoy*

ALMOST 7 WEEKS SEEING 10 COUNTRIES

IRELAND
ENGLAND
FRANCE (LOURDES)
HOLLAND
GERMANY
SWITZERLAND
ITALY (VATICAN)
MONACO
SPAIN
BELGIUM

VISITING 16 CITIES

If you desire, a later return may be arranged. And for those who don't want to fly overseas, steamer space can be provided.

THE FINEST TRAVEL OFFER OF THE YEAR!

Departs from the International Airport (Idlewild) on June 30th and returns August 15th. Very Rev. Ignatius McCormick, OFM, Cap., will direct the program, and will give lectures en route on the places visited and to be visited.

ANTICIPATED PAPAL AUDIENCE — VISIT TO LOURDES

Men and women teachers and librarians will comprise one group, while recent graduates and undergraduates will comprise the other. The tour is planned as a joyful educational travel program to show you Old World history where it was made, in ten European countries. Yes, you get almost seven full weeks of travel pleasure at the lowest price ever offered for such a magnificent tour!

SEE FOR YOURSELF — GET FREE INFORMATION

Just fill in and mail at once the coupon above. Be sure to check the proper box. By return mail (no one will call on you) you will receive complete information and terms. Study the offer in the privacy of your own home — discuss it with friends — then decide. Remember, there is no obligation whatever in sending the coupon. But act quickly today, as the number comprising the group is strictly limited.

- IT'S NEW!
- IT'S DIFFERENT!
- IT'S CONTINUOUS!

YOU'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING
LIKE THE AMAZING NEW

SAINT JOSEPH CONTINUOUS SUNDAY MISSAL

• No more page-turning from section to section! • Each mass Complete and Continuous... from the Prayers at the Foot of the Altar to the Last Blessing! • A Complete Holy Mass for every Sunday and Holy Day of the Year!

Check These 6 Outstanding Features

1. Absolutely NO TURNING of pages, from the Ordinary to the Proper.
2. 70 New Inspiring Gospel Illustrations.
3. Official Confraternity Text—(word-for-word as read from the pulpit).
4. Magnificently illustrated in color: Holy Sacrifice of the Mass
Stations of the Cross
Holy Rosary
Promises of the Sacred Heart.
5. Large, easy-to-read type.
6. Attractive format. No other Sunday Missal like it.

IT'S THE EASIEST-TO-USE MISSAL EVER PUBLISHED!



A COMPLETE MASS FOR EACH SUNDAY

No turning back and forth!
So handy—it's the ideal Sunday Missal for Catholics of all ages.

1346
pages.
4½ x 6½.

At last! A magnificent new Sunday Missal that lets you follow the Holy Mass *without having to turn back and forth*. Yes, each Mass is complete and continuous...word for word! Ideal for all ages!

Think how much *richer* your participation will be when you can stop worrying about losing your place. Imagine the pleasure of owning a beautifully bound and printed Missal, with 58 full color illustrations... plus 70 black and white illustrations... all by world-famous liturgical artists.

EXAMINE FREE FOR 10 DAYS

Send no money! Simply mail coupon below. If not delighted return at end of ten days and owe us nothing! But Hurry! Mail today!

ACT NOW! MAIL COUPON TODAY!

CATHOLIC CRAFTSMEN GUILD, Inc.
225 W. 34th St., N. Y. 1, N. Y. Dept. CD-1
Please rush my Saint Joseph Continuous Sunday Missal for FREE 10-day EXAMINATION. If not delighted, I'll return it at the end of 10 days and owe nothing. Otherwise, I'll pay only \$2.00 a month until total of \$5.95 is paid. Check here ☐ for Leather DeLuxe Edition at \$12.50.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

☐ \$6.00 enclosed in full payment. (\$12.00 for DeLuxe Edition). No postal or carrying charges. (Send full payment on orders outside U.S. & Can.)

SEND NO MONEY

Pay only \$2.00 a month after free examination until total of only \$5.95 is paid. \$12.50 for the deluxe edition, with rich maroon flexible leather, bright gold edges.

Edited by
Rev. H. Hoover

Imprimatur
His Eminence
Francis
Cardinal
Spellman
Archbishop
of New York

